

RACING: THE WORLD'S FAVORITE SPORT

Sports Illustrated

JUNE 9, 1964

60 CENTS



Viceroy's got the Deep-Weave Filter
and the taste that's right!



Viceroy is scientifically made
to taste the way you'd like a
filter cigarette to taste.
Not too strong... not too light...
Viceroy's got the taste that's right.



SMOKE ALL 7

Smoke all seven filter brands
and you'll agree: some taste
too strong... while others
taste too light. But Viceroy—
with the Deep-Weave Filter—
tastes the way you'd like a filter
cigarette to taste. That's right!



9 a.m. or 9 p.m.? This Arrow Decton won't give you the right time of day.

Don't let that crisp, just-ironed look fool you. It's *permanent*. But this is natural, because this Decton shirt is 65% Dacron—polyester, 35% cotton. The ideal wash-and-wear blend that made "Look, Ma—no wrinkles!" a famous household expression. Wash it any which way. The wrinkles dry out and stay out,



even till the wee hours of the a.m. This one is Decton in a cool batiste. It's soft, absorbent—actually outwears any all-cotton shirt. Tapered to fit trimly; "Sunformed-Plus" labeled for lasting fit. In white, soothing solid colors—and even stripes. Only \$5.00 in short sleeves. Arrow Decton tie, too, only \$1.50.

Wherever you go, you look better in — **ARROW** —



Forget flats, forget blowouts —and now, forget wear!

It's a puncture-sealing General Dual 90 with new Duragen rubber.

Mile after mile, mile after mile, the General Dual 90 delivers dependable, trouble-free performance.

New Duragen rubber gives this great tire 30% longer life. You'll

probably trade in your car before you wear out a set of Dual 90s.

Forget flats. An exclusive triple sealant seals punctures instantly.

Forget blowouts. Four plies of

Nygen cord wall this tire like a web of steel cable.

You keep rolling. On and on and on. On the world's safest, strongest tires. General Dual 90s.



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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly by Time Inc., 543 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, except one issue a year and Sports Illustrated postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in coin, U.S. and Canadian subscriptions \$7.00 a year. This issue published in regional and separate editions. Additional pages of separate editions, numbered or allowed for as follows: eastern, 1-12; Los Angeles Metropolitan, 11-12.

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Next week

THE U.S. OPEN is golf's most exciting event to watch. Color paintings, a course assessment and a behind-the-scenes report on how it is run show what makes the Open unique.

EMPEROR IN HARNESS is Billy Houghton, who built a two-horse public stable into the biggest and best in trotting and wins a million dollars a year from Plover Santa Anita.

MISSISSIPPI GRABBLERS, using their hands for bait, wrangle huge, toothy catfish out of submerged hollow logs. But sometimes the catfish turns out to be a water moccasin.

SHOPWALK

Cowboy gear is big this year from Saint-Tropez to Madison Avenue

An invitation to the L.B.J. ranch is not the only reason for buying frontier clothes and high-heeled boots. A growing number of city people, remembering their Tom Mix days as kids, have rediscovered how comfortable western-style clothes really are. Recently, a group of Madison Avenue executives started wearing plain, rounded-toe cowboy boots to work, Broadway and TV showgirls showed up for rehearsals in tight-fitting frontier pants and British trainers were custom-made western chaps over their Levi's while working with their horses.

Oddly enough, it is Miller Harness Company, at 123 East 24 Street, the traditional New York headquarters for eastern equestrian needs, that now leads the way west. Trail and cowboy gear dominate the front



of the shop, while one flight up there is a new tack room that rivals any east of Denver.

For city and country dudes there is a rough-out, leather brush jacket out like a rancher's favorite denim jacket (above). It has slash pockets, western stitching, snap buttons and a collar and lining of Acrylic fleece. It costs \$30, and its burnished color is called Aztec gold.

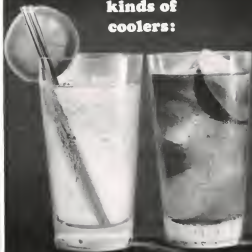
English-style jodhpurs in denim are also available because an English-saddle rider from Arizona recently ordered her "jodhpurs made very English but in denim please—so I won't look too eastern." Miller's was so pleased with the jodhpurs that they now stock them in stretch denim (\$15). Custom-tailored, they cost \$30.

There are no zippers or buttons on the new two-way stretch nylon frontier pants that the Broadway dancers are wearing. They have a clear, smooth cut and there is enough give to pull them on over the hips. The pants cost \$18 and come in red or black.

continued

E1

There are
really
two
kinds of
coolers:



hers

his

MYERS RUM MAKES THE MAN'S DRINK! A light, breezy beverage is nice for the ladies . . . but Myers does things in a masculine way. It's a Jamaica rum, 97 Proof, spiced, golden and robust. Adds great character and flavor—a man's kind of flavor—to almost any drink. This tropical Planters' Punch is a classic example. For 2 tall drinks: mix 2 tsp. sugar, juice of 1 lemon (or lime), 4 oz. Myers Rum, 2 dashes bitters, 1 dash grenadine in shaker filled with ice. Shake, strain into glasses over shaved ice; add plain soda. You'll relish Myers' full-bodied flavor.

97 PROOF.



P. S. FOR THE HOSTESS. Myers adds flavor magic to foods, too. For a pleasant appetizer or tasty dessert, prepare Grapefruit & Ice Myers. Simply splash a dash of Myers Rum onto each grapefruit half. For added zest: brown rum-laced grapefruit halves under broiler; serve with a sprig of mint. Voila! Grapefruit au Rum! . . . delightful! MYERS' JAMAICA RUM • 97 PROOF • GOREN WINE & SPIRITS COMPANY, N.Y.C.



They said,
"Why don't you write a book?"
So we did.

Well, actually, we said it. Said we ought to write a book to tell exactly what makes Braniff International service to Texas so very different from TOA (The Other Airline). Our booklet is called "A 2 Hour and 51 Minute Vacation," and it shows everything Braniff passengers enjoy between here and Dallas. It tells about Advance Check-in, which ends ticket counter line-ups... our handsome El Dorado Clubs in New York and Dallas for all Braniff passengers... and the international menu, wine-cellar and personal service on our jets to Texas.

We wrote the book for you, but we can't send your copy until you tell us where you are. For your copy, drop a note to Braniff International Airways, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York.



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Specialists in international jet service to Texas or to South America.

CALL YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR BRANIFF INTERNATIONAL AIRWAYS



Dubonnet—the man's drink!

JACK PALANCE, star of Desilu's "The Greatest Show on Earth" on ABC-TV Tuesday evenings, finds Dubonnet is exciting without being strong.



DUBONNET APERITIF WINE, PRODUCT OF U.S.A., ©1964 SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y.C.

SHOWWALK (continued)

Western tack has also become extremely popular in Europe in the past year, and Miller's hefty catalog is well read on the Continent. As a consequence, European dukes are ordering every conceivable article associated with western horses, including bits, hackamores, Corone blankets and 10-gallon sombreros.

The British horse trainers prefer western chaps because they are able to withstand rough wear. The most popular, Miller's cream-colored, rough-out leather chaps, have heavy-duty zippers instead of the customary thongs and buttons, are custom-made and cost \$44.50.

The western fad has even reached the Jet Set in Santa-Tropez where cowboy shirts are as popular as bikinis. And, surprisingly, the girls from the Covent Garden ballet troupe stocked up on ruffled, western-cut shirts with pearl snap buttons the last time they were in New York. Miller's has them in flower prints, plaids and solid colors (\$11).

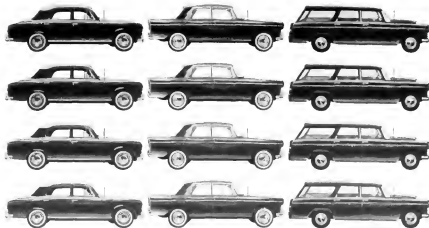
Ladies' Panama and U-roll-it straw sombreros come in a variety of color combinations as well as in solid colors and cost \$5. They are made in Fort Worth, the western hat center of the world, and the most popular colors this year are silverbelly and black for men and white for ladies. The number on Xs inside a western hat denotes the quality of the beaver (a measure of animal hair and wool)—a single X denotes a \$5 hat, XX equals \$10 and an XXX beaver hat is \$15, all at Miller's.

The tin cowhide stowpipe-top boots with zigzag stitching (below) are like those worn by the U.S. cavalry during the Indian wars. They are popular today among American polo players and cost \$59.50.

In Miller's second-floor tack room there are lightweight saddles priced at \$64.50 and custom-made tooled saddles with sterling-silver mountings that sell for \$400. There also are bull whips (\$14), bronc spurs (\$11.75) and quirts (\$4.50). Trick ropes are already made up (\$4), and some Madison Avenue cowboys simply carry them for effect—evidence that it is still hard to take the cowboy out of the man.

—JULIE CAMPBELL





Can you tell which is the stripped-down PEUGEOT?

(the one without the aerial)

The only thing we don't supply with every Peugeot is a radio. We don't make radios. Other than that, Peugeot doesn't know the meaning of the word "extra." You get a car completely equipped from stem to stern for one price. And a very low price at that.

Consider just a few of the features Peugeot gives you that would cost extra on virtually any car you can name (if you

could get them at all). Sliding sunroof. Stainless steel bumpers, wheel covers and trim. Michelin X tires. Airliner-type reclining seats. Door-to-door carpeting. Child-proof rear door locks. Trip mileage counter. Outside mirror. Windshield washers. 4-speed synchromesh transmission. And more.

That's only part of the story. The Peugeot 403 has been judged one of the seven best made cars in the world by authority John Bond, Publisher of Road & Track. The Peugeot 404 sedan and sta-

tion wagon have been designed to be even better. Peugeot manufactures cars in the old tradition. Every car is road tested. Every part, down to nuts and bolts, is inspected. The Peugeot's nickname is The Indestructible. What more is there to say? Except drive one.


PEUGEOT
(Silly Position)

For brochure write Peugeot, Inc., 97-45 Queens Blvd., Rego Park, N.Y. For auction delivery write Cars Overseas, Inc., 555 5th Ave., N.Y.C. or see your local dealer.



Dubonnet—the man's drink!

GENE BARRY, famous star of "Burke's Law" on ABC-TV Friday nights, enjoys Dubonnet on-the-rocks. There's nothing in the world like Dubonnet.



DUBONNET APOTHECARY, INC. PRODUCT OF U.S.A. ©1964 SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO. N.Y.C.

These are the only sunglasses officially approved by Northwest Orient for use by its jet pilots.

Spectaculars were rigidly tested by 14 major airlines—and passed with flying colors! They have to be optically perfect, and they are. 180° of vision. No blind spots. No distortion. All due to their exclusive organic lens material called Orama IV—lightweight, shatterproof. Shouldn't you give this kind of protection to the only eyes you'll ever have? Only at finer stores—from \$12.95, with continental case. Make sure you get Spectaculars, not an inferior copy—look for Renault's name on the frame.

**Spectaculars
—sunglasses by Renault**



TRAPSHOOTING

Events in the East through June 27

JUNE 5 Pine Valley Gun Club, state shoot, Berlin, N.J. (through June 7); Hegins Trap Club, Hegins, Pa.

JUNE 7 Buffalo Shooting Club, Williamsville, N.Y.; Harrow Gun Club, Harrow, Ont.; Huntington Skeet Club, Ste. Barbe, Que.; Library Sportsmen's Club, Library, Pa.; Lowell Sportsmen's Club, Lowell, Mass.; Nassau Trap and Skeet Club, Brookhaven, N.Y.; Oxford Gun Club, Oxford, Pa.; Sykesville Field and Gun Club, Sykesville, Md.; Timberline Trap Club, Oak Ridge, Ont.; Upper Perkasie Sportsmen's Assoc., Red Hill, Pa.; Valley Gun and Country Club, Shamokin, Pa.

JUNE 10 Waterloo County Fish and Game Protection Assoc., Kitchener, Ont.

JUNE 12 The Cavaliers, Wilmington, Del. (through June 14)

JUNE 13 Cedar Gun Club, Darlington, Md. (also June 14); Hegins Trap Club, Hegins, Pa. (also June 14); Massachusetts Amateur Trapshooting Assoc., state shoot, Sturbridge, Mass. (also June 14); Onieslanee Rod and Gun Club, New Tropic, Pa.; Pitcairn-Patterson Township Sportsman's Club, Pitcairn, Pa.; Rochester-Brooks Gun Club, Rochester, N.Y.

JUNE 14 Atlantic Trapshooting Assoc., Atlantes, City, N.J.; Bradford Trap and Skeet Club, Bradford, Pa.; Caribee Hunting and Fishing Club, St. Albans, West Va.; Club du Faïsen de Drummondville, Drummondville, Que.; Fayette Gun Club, Uniontown, Pa.; Haligon Trap Club, Oakville, Ont.; Marshall County Hunt and Fish Club, Moondsville, W. Va.; Millvale Sportsmen's Club, Millvale, Pa.; North Jersey Gun Club, Caldwell, N.J.; South End Gun Club, Reading, Pa.; Washington Sportsmen's Assoc., Washington, Pa.; Western Pennsylvania Sportsman Club, Sardis, Pa.; Wilmington Trapshooting Assoc., Wilmington, Del.

JUNE 17 Waterloo County Fish and Game Protection Assoc., Kitchener, Ont.

JUNE 18 Fayette Gun Club, state shoot, Uniontown, Pa. (through June 21).

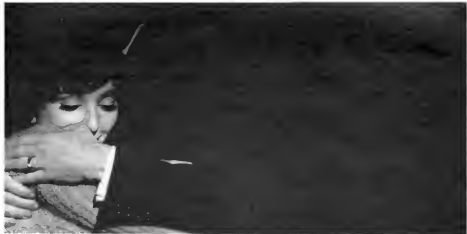
JUNE 20 Staten Island Sportsmen's Club, Staten Island, N.Y.; Hunterdon County Trap Club, Flemington, N.J.

JUNE 21 Harrow Gun Club, Harrow, Ont.; Pine Valley Gun Club, Berlin, N.J.; Sussex County Trap Assoc., Midway, Del.; Thurmont Conservation and Sportsmen's Club, Thurmont, Md.

JUNE 24 Timberline Trap Club, Oak Ridge, Ont.

JUNE 26 Thurmont Conservation and Sportsmen's Club, state shoot, Thurmont, Md. (through June 28).

JUNE 27 Caribee Hunting and Fishing Club, St. Albans, W. Va.; Hegins Trap Club, Hegins, Pa.; Housatonic Gun Club, state shoot, Stratford, Conn. (also June 28); Quaker City Gun Club, Philadelphia.



For men who like women

Give him Fabergé for Father's Day
and see what kind of reaction you get.

(See? Life can be beautiful.)

Fabergé comes in Lotion
for after shave or shower,
Crème Shave, Bath Soap, Talc and Deodorant.
Separate or in handsome gift sets.

In two distinctive scents—
Aphrodisia and Woodhue—
both made to suit a real man's taste.





The Jack Kramer Autograph racket is the most powerful tennis racket in 50 years. Play it and see why.

What a difference in power 50 years can make!

Today's power game demands a racket with tremendous strength and durability. Here's why more champions now play the Jack Kramer Autograph than any other racket,



Left: The big power tension photographed at 1:10,000 sec. shows the remarkable tension strength of Strata-Bow.



Jack Kramer, a former Wimbledon & U.S. Open champion.



Right: Strata-Bow bonds together 18 wood strips in to a single resilient unit, reinforced to keep its shape under hard play and high string tension.

THE modern age of power tennis has now produced a racket so superior in performance that it has become the choice of virtually every important tournament champion in the game today.

This is the Jack Kramer Autograph racket from Wilson, the tennis racket with the remarkably strong and durable Strata-Bow frame created especially for today's power game.

The amazing strength and power of Strata-Bow make the Kramer Autograph the choice of three of the world's five top-ranked men, including the winners of the 1963 Wimbledon and U.S. singles championships. Also three of the world's top five women players,

including the winner of the 1963 U.S. singles championship.

How does Strata-Bow get its tremendous power and strength? Through a bonded lamination of select long ash and maple strips, reinforced with sturdy fiber shoulder and throat faces. Strata-Bow is more than tough enough to take the impact of a 112 mph overhead smash, strong enough to retain its shape and resist warping.

Put this unique combination of resilience and strength to work for you. Play the Kramer Autograph, available at tennis professional shops and sporting goods dealers, Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago (A subsidiary of Wilson & Co., Inc.)

PLAY TO WIN WITH

Wilson

A PROGRESSIVE PAST A GLORIOUS FUTURE



Sparkling...flavorful...distinctive!



Miller High Life



Brewed only in Milwaukee

Pleasure for everyone! A bright, clear taste ...
flavor with a deep-down goodness,
sparkling with a special lightness ... distinctive!

The Champagne of Bottle Beer





WANTED: FORD Country Squire.
DESCRIPTION: Covered-wagon loadspace—
 sedan-smooth ride. Travels armed with
total performance—and can outmaneuver
 any posse. Looks like a dude,
 but is over 200 pounds tougher
 than any other wagon in its field.
 Famous for quick getaways!

TRY TOTAL PERFORMANCE
 FOR A CHANGE!

FORD

Mustang - Falcon - Fairlane - Ford - Thunderbird

RIDE WALT DISNEY'S MAGIC SKYWAY AT THE



FORD MOTOR COMPANY'S WONDER ROTUNDA—NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

Definitely the tire for the young in spirit. Take the Mohawk Ultissimo's wrap-around shoulder design—a touch of boldness only the "sport-at-heart" will recognize. Sure, it has a 30,000 mile guarantee, a 6 ply rating...in fact, there's no finer tire made anywhere, by anybody. But if you want a little "sass" with your elegance—seat yourself atop 4 Mohawk Ultissimos and live a little. Give your Mohawk dealer a call...he's a pretty good sport, too.

**Mohawk makes you feel
like a young 'buck' again!**





Volkswagen.

When you go to buy a Volkswagen, you have a choice. The plain stubby-nosed model. Or the Italian style model with the noble Roman nose.

The fancy Volkswagen-built-for-two is called the Karmann Ghia.

The Karmann Ghia has everything the plain Volks does.

Air-cooled rear engine. Synchronesh 4-speed transmission. Torsion bars on all four wheels.

It also has a body full of hand work.

The Ghia wasn't designed for mass production. So it doesn't get the mass production treatment.

We make it in an old-fashioned custom way.



Volkswagen.

Fenders, hoods and door frames are welded and shaped and smoothed by hand.

Seats and convertible tops are padded and stitched and fitted by hand.

Sitting in the Ghia, you might not think you're in a Volkswagen at all.

Until you feel that nice firm Volkswagen traction. Pay those pint-sized oil and gas bills. Get that phenomenal tire wear. And take in our inexpensive VW service.



Which only goes to show you, even a Volkswagen with a fancy body and a noble Roman nose, is still a Volkswagen at heart.

This new portable plays AM plus
Tokyo, Paris, Bangkok and Rio.

This plays AM plus Coast
Guard storm warnings.

This plays AM
plus Bach on FM.



Model #1541



Model #1542



Model #1543

New from G.E.! New what? New radios. New styling. New fun!

These new General Electric portables are like a suit with an extra pair of pants. All three play standard AM, Music, News, Sports. All that. But each one gives you something extra. One gives you international short wave. Hear foreign countries. Ships in mid-ocean. Ham radio operators. Or... enjoy FM and all the relaxing musical programming that comes with it. Perfect

mate for beach and sun. Or... get AM plus marine weather band. A natural if you're a yachtsman.

Take your pick. Get two powerful General Electric radios in one compact package. 7" high, 5" wide, 2½" thin.

The AM/FM combination is a bargain at less than \$60. The other two are about \$10 less than that.

GENERAL ELECTRIC





You recognize The Man in the White Suit—Commander Edward Whitehead.

The President of Schweppes U. S. A.

tells why Schweppes Tonic always has the same classic flavor
—whether you drink it in Hong Kong, Palm Springs, or Paris

WHILE YOU love your Gin-and-Schweppes Tonic in Tasmania the way you do at home?

"Of course you will!" promises Commander Edward Whitehead, President of Schweppes U.S.A. "Because it will taste just as delicious. Same persistent little bubbles. Same thirst-quenching, hindersweet flavor."

You see, every bottle of Schweppes Tonic, no matter where in the world it is bottled, begins with the same secret blend of exotic ingredients.

That's why, in 63 countries, connoisseurs insist on Schweppes for an authentic Tonic Drink.

Then there's Schweppes' experience—famous little bubbles that last your

whole drink through. Nobody, anywhere, has succeeded in imitating Schweppes' unique carbonation.

So whether you ask the barman for Gin-and-Tonic, Vodka-and-Tonic, Rum-and-Tonic, or plain Tonic... see that you get Schweppes Tonic. Made from imported English ingredients.

Curiously refreshing!





Warren Spahn has switched from sack-shaped shirts



to the man-shaped shirt... Manhattan Mantrim®

Mantrim shirts are cut differently from ordinary shirts. The body is tapered. And the taper is proportioned to size. That means you'll look great in Mantrim, whatever your size—sleek and neat, with no bunches of fabric ballooning over your belt. And now you can get Mantrim shirts with short sleeves, too; in a great selection of cool fabrics, colors and collars.* Shown:

DOCOMA® BREEZE, of 65% Dacron® polyester, 35% long staple cotton that drips dry, doesn't need ironing, stays wrinkle-free all day long. \$5.00.

 *Manhattan*

internationally known mark of quality
And Lady Manhattan® © 1971 Avg. 67 Amgrove St. N.Y. 20

AVAILABLE NOW FOR FATHERS 9 MAY - JUNE 81



SHORT...SWEET...STOWAWAY

Meet Evinrude's new 9½ hp Sportwin . . . the compact take-along motor designed to live in your car trunk.

Never before has a fisherman been able to pack so much fishing motor performance in so little car trunk space. Just 34 inches top to prop — inches shorter than a "3". The handle folds down, the controls are

out of the way in front, and the starboard side lies flat.

But don't let its bantam size fool you. This sporty little shorty packs a real punch. Planes a load of three. Hustles fishing boats at a 20-mile clip. Runs 80 miles and more on a tank of fuel. It starts like a "3". Tilts at a touch. Locks in 16 different positions.

It sounds even smaller than it looks. If we made it any quieter you couldn't tell when it was running. It's that smooth.

But don't take our word for it. See and hear it at your Evinrude dealer now (he's listed in the Yellow Pages). Catalog free. Write Evinrude Motors, 4263 N. 27th Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53216.



DIVISION OF OUTBOARD MARINE CORPORATION

SCORECARD

INDIANAPOLIS

Two drivers died in Saturday's Indianapolis 500-mile race. At the scene and watching all over the country on theater television were more witnesses than at any previous racing disaster. The world's press took copious notice. As in the case of every highly visible, widely publicized racing fatality, there were cries that the sport should be abolished.

In the past this magazine has taken the stand that automobile racing is an honorable sport despite its inherent risks—always with the proviso that it can and should be made less hazardous tomorrow than it was yesterday. We do not, however, foresee a time when safety will be absolutely guaranteed. Totally safe racing means no racing, just as totally safe highways mean no driving upon them. We have held that reasonable men of their own volition may choose to hazard their lives in racing for the satisfactions they seek: fame, wealth, the rigors of competition.

But, most emphatically, the lessons to be drawn from racing accidents must not be ignored. What were the lessons of Indianapolis? Motor Sports Columnist George Moore, writing in the *Indianapolis Star*, declared that the gasoline carried in the cars of the drivers who died constituted an unusual hazard. Their cars, like five others in the race, were powered by Ford engines. All but one of the Fords used gasoline. That one, which Rodger Ward drove to second place, burned alcohol—the fuel more commonly used at Indy—as did the rest of the field.

Gasoline, wrote Moore, is more "volatile" than alcohol. Of the alcohol fire that injured Parnelli Jones in the pits he asserted: "If Jones's tank had been full of gasoline, it would have looked like the atom bomb." Milwaukee's Bob Wilke, owner of Ward's racer, was of the same mind. His distrust of gasoline, he said, was in part responsible for his employing alcohol—against Ford's wishes.

There were, however, strong dissents. Engineers for at least two major oil companies said it would be impossible to

conclude that one fuel or the other was more dangerous in racing. Ford Engineer A. J. Scussel said the question was academic: "The kind of fire you are caught in does not lessen the degree of horror." He continued: "Indianapolis is a testing ground for us. Passenger cars do not burn alcohol. It follows that we must use gasoline when we try out engine concepts in racing if we are to learn anything of value."

While the fuel question is being threshed out, it is apparent that Indianapolis officials must apply new and stringent safeguards to any fuel. Many of the Indy cars had abnormally large tanks this year and were thus more unwieldy than ever in the opening laps, when full tanks are always a worry. A maximum size for tanks should perhaps be set. There was haste and carelessness with fuel in the pits. That cannot be tolerated. No doubt fuel tanks should be made stronger, should be better insulated and more resistant to shock.

But how can one eliminate accident? That, after all, is what really started the terrible events at Indianapolis. One car went out of control, involving others. In most such cases there is no fire, no fatality. On Saturday there were both.

THE SHOW

The closed-circuit theater television of this year's 500, the first such telecast, had some obvious imperfections: Charlie Brockman's not-always-precise commentary was at times several laps behind the track's excellent public-address system, and the picture, like all theater TV, seemed a dull brown.

But the overall photographic coverage was superb. The terrible accident was confusing at first—an explosion of smoke and chaos. But reports from the infield, interviews with the drivers who escaped and reruns of pertinent tape recreated the tragic moment in graphic detail. Beyond that, spectators watching theater TV saw things—dips and darts, challenges and backing off—that few watching at Indianapolis have ever seen. When A. J. Foyt and Parnelli Jones

dueled for the lead you followed them, wheel for wheel, all the way around the track. You saw Jimmy Clark coolly controlling a crippled car and bringing it into a safe, graceful stop. You saw Parnelli Jones leaping from his burning car in the pits and rolling frantically on the cement.

The race at Indy was not perfect this year, nor was the telecast. But for the TV audience both were unforgettable.

DICKENS REFUTED

Charles Dickens among his many famous sentences wrote, "The law is a ass." It is pleasant to report that a Baltimore judge has proved the exception to the Dickens rule. There is a park ordinance in Baltimore that says it is against the law for boys to play ball stripped to the waist, no matter what the temperature. William Winkler, 18, was picked up for violating the strip rule and held in bail. Judge Joseph Broccolino termed the law "indulgent" and added that it exemplified "too much government." He found Winkler not guilty.

NUMBERS PLEASE

A New Yorker, uncertain of the time, need only dial NERVOUS on his telephone to be informed of the exact hour,



minute and second. If a look out the window should prove an inadequate measure of the weather, he can call WE-6-1212 for a detailed report thereof. And he can Dial-A-Prayer if he feels the state of his soul needs looking after.

Of late, a long-distance variation of these Dial-A-Games has appeared in Boston, much to the chagrin of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Co.

It's called Dial-A-Track, and the players are Boston's bookies.

eastward

Bolex doesn't think home movies should look like "home movies." Do you agree?



"Home movies"—two words that strike terror in the hearts of trapped guests all over America. It's too bad, too. Home movies don't have to bore people to tears. Not if they're taken and shown with Bolex equipment. Like the Bolex K-2, for example. It has a superb f/1.9 Vario-Switar zooms lens with a smooth power zoom. Exposures are measured and automatically set for you by electric eye. It has the most

accurate rangefinder made—you can focus on any object in the viewing field. Reflex viewing, variable shutter, film rewind—you name it, the K-2 has it. But a good camera isn't all you need to take good pictures.

You need skill, and with every camera purchase we give away a Bolex Cine-Guide booklet (tells you all you need to know).

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SCORECARD • continued

The FBI discovered recently that operators at the NET&T have been placing long-distance calls free of charge for hookies. In return the operators have been getting either weekly payoffs or expense-paid trips to Bermuda, Puerto Rico or Florida. An NET&T official has announced the dismissal of one operator, and it wouldn't be a bad bet that the others involved are making nervous use of the Boston branch of Dial-A-Prayer.

MICKY WRIGHT'S GOLF

Mickey Wright, the top woman golfer right now, has won four of the last eight tournaments she has entered and finished second or third in the other four. Last year she won \$31,000 and so far this year has earned more than \$9,000. How would Mickey do if she played in men's tournaments? Alice Bauer Hovey, no mean golfer herself, said last week, "With the purses the men get, Mickey would make a ton."

Mickey was not so sure. "I'd love to go on the men's tour," she said. "I'd love to try it for a year. I don't know how much money it would mean, but I think I could make the cut about 50% of the time."

"I'd like to try it because of the superior competition. What a difference that would make in your game! I could—any of the top girls could—play on the men's tour for a year and come back and walk away with the women's tour."

"The only thing, it would have to be that I could sneak on the tour where nobody would know me or bother me—just let me alone. Otherwise, I couldn't stand the pressure."

Well, there goes that experiment. Can you imagine Mickey Wright being mistaken for Billy Casper?

MICKY MANTLE'S MUSCLES

Pro football trainer Clint Houy of the Dallas Cowboys thinks major league baseball does not condition its athletes properly. He specifically mentions Micky Mantle, who has been hampered by one injury after another through most of his career.

"Whenever Mantle hurt a leg," Houy said the other day, "he'd rest until it got well, and then he'd go back into the game. Any football trainer knows that after an injury has healed you have to recondition the muscle before you can put a man back into action."

Continued

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equipment list. It contains most items other makes charge for as "extras."

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 **alfa romeo**

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SCORECARD *continued*

Hogy worked with Mantle in Dallas last winter. "When Mickey got here I started him on some leg-weight exercises to rebuild the right leg. He couldn't lift 15 pounds with it. Anybody should lift more than that—his left leg could do 45. We built the right leg until he could lift 75 pounds.

"But his legs have never been taken care of. He's had a Baker's cyst, torn cartilage, strained ligaments, pulled thigh muscle. A muscle tear leaves scar tissue inside, just like a cut leaves a scar outside. Mantle's leg has so much scar tissue that you can see where it lumps up as big as your fist on the back of his thigh.

"Mickey has never taken care of his body the way Stan Musial did. And it doesn't look like anybody ever helped him very much."

THE OLD CONFIDENCE

A baseball fan called the Waterbury, Conn. *Republican* the day the Mets beat the Cubs 19-1 to ask how many runs the Mets scored that day. He was told 19. "Did they win?" he asked.

CAVEAT

Eyebrows were raised in Thoroughbred racing circles last week when The Scoundrel, third in the Kentucky Derby and second in the Preakness, suffered an injury at Garden State and was forced to cancel his engagements in the Jersey Derby and Belmont Stakes. There is nothing new about horses suffering injuries, of course, but in The Scoundrel's case his injury came just a few days after the eminently successful California owner-breeder Rex Ellsworth had sold him for \$500,000 to a comparative greenhorn in racing, Kjell Qvale (pronounced Shell Qua-val), a Norwegian-born auto salesman from San Francisco.

Suddenly stuck with a stall occupied by \$500,000 worth of nonrunning horse (if his tendon heals sufficiently). The Scoundrel may make it back to the races next winter at Santa Anita. Owner Qvale said matter-of-factly, "I've bought and paid for the horse and he's mine. It's too bad."

What did Rex Ellsworth think? "This injury hit me as big a jolt as it did Qvale," he said, understandably touchy about cynical comments directed his way. "But any criticism is ridiculous. I can think of 1,000 horses that the same thing has happened to. Because it happens to me

continued

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Stronger springs—It's not too difficult to find a man over 35 who can remember the day his dad hit the roof because the springs on the family car hit bottom . . . and broke. Today, a broken spring is almost unheard of because the design of springs and steel they're made of have both been improved.

U. S. Steel developed the spring steel now designated as AISI 5160, a grade that's currently the most popular steel for both auto and truck springs. Its cost is actually lower than the spring steels used in the past, yet it has better surface quality, hardenability, and uniformity.

Making the rounds—Another U. S. Steel improvement in spring steels was the development of precision-rolled rounds for coil springs and torsion bar systems. The steel billets are specially conditioned to minimize surface seams and other defects. Precision rolling techniques produce steels within half the range of standard tolerances.

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SCORECARD *continued*

some people are ready to jump all over me. I'd hate to tell you how many horses I have bought myself that never got to the races. Why, for heaven's sake, I bought Khaled, the best stallion I ever owned, and intended to pay him out, but I never got a good racing purse out of him. This has been happening since the beginning of horses. If horses race they take the chance of breaking down. Nobody can predict the timing of injuries."

Was Ellsworth considering refunding Qvale his money and calling the whole thing off? "As far as a refund offer is concerned, it has never been a question. Kjell is my friend, he's always going to be my friend and that's the way it's going to be. If there's to be an adjustment on our deal [for his \$500,000 Qvale gets four services a year to any Ellsworth stallion for a minimum of 10 years, and Ellsworth in turn is entitled to four services annually to The Scoundrel], that's between this man and myself—just between him and me."

RING IMMIGRANTS

The good fighters of the near future, according to Angelo Dundee, who trains champions, including the prettiest, will come from Italy and Japan. In Rome not long ago Dundee saw 70 boxers in one gymnasium, "and there were dozens more gyms like it," he says. "In Japan," Dundee adds, "I found even more. Every Japanese gym is packed, and they have TV fights six days a week. The next few years you will see a mass importation of Italian and Japanese fighters."

Dundee, of Italian descent, will have no trouble instructing the Romans, and he has mastered Spanish, so he can speak to his Latinos. Now he may have to go to Berlitz for a bit of Japanese.

THEY SAID IT

- Avery Brundage, on the Olympics in general: "The biggest problem today is that the Olympic Games have become so important that political people want to take control of them. Our only salvation is to keep free from politics."
- Early Wynn, Cleveland pitching coach, baseball's last 300-game winner and one of the more renowned knock-down artists, asked if he has been teaching the brushback to any of his young Cleveland pitchers: "Me do that? Why, we've got all clean-cut young men on our staff."

END

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THE MAGNIFICENT AND THE MACABRE

Doughty A. J. Foyt (below) won his second Indianapolis 500 on iron nerve and matchless skill after a fiery calamity that took the lives of two drivers; the ill luck was persistent, reducing the field to a brave few **by BOB OTTUM**



At the Indianapolis Speedway and in theaters across the land a vast, unprecedented audience tensed for the start of the 48th 500-mile race. It had assembled—some 260,000 persons at the Speedway, another half a million before theater television screens—to witness a decisive struggle between the traditional Indy roadsters and swift, insurgent rear-engine cars. But less than five minutes after the start an exploding smashup

snuffed out the life of one driver and fatally injured another, and from that moment on the race was not to the swift and car styles did not matter. It became, grimly and awesomely, a 500-mile race of men brave enough to stay in it and see it through.

In the end the winner was A. J. Foyt, of all the drivers the man most unshakably immune to the clash of cars and the smoke of death. He won driving calmly,

icily at a record average speed of 147.35 mph through an atmosphere of high tension that made this year's race—more than any other in 500 history—a spectacle of the magnificent and macabre.

Foyt's brilliant triumph was shadowed by the casualties of the day. A Speedway rookie, Dave MacDonald, and a veteran, Eddie Sachs, lay dead. Smooth old professionals, among them the 1963 winner, Rufus Parnell Jones, were sidelined

PHOTOGRAPH BY



with injuries and burns. Twenty-one drivers were out of the race in a somber accumulation of crashes and engine and tire failures; Gasoline Alley was a cluster of broken cars and on the track a bleak testament to the dead remained—the powdery white residue of fire-extinguishing foam.

The race raised questions that would certainly alter future 500s, the most crucial concerning the relative hazards of gasoline as opposed to alcohol fuel. And it left the dispute over car design still unsettled.

It was Foyt's unbending nerve that brought him out of it the winner. His final challenger—once Jones was put out of the race by a freakish pit-stop accident—was Rodger Ward, that steady old fox of the backstretch, usually a nerveless driver, but so rattled by the chain of accidents that he lost his chance for victory by making a series of vital mistakes and five pit stops, "two more than we needed."

"I thought I wasn't getting the fuel to the engine properly," said Ward after the race, wearily rubbing track grime from his face and looking his 43 years. "But I was running the fuel mixture too rich and burning it away. The first time I found I was out of fuel I couldn't believe it. The car was capable of winning—the car should have won—but the driver didn't do a good job."

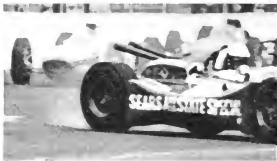
In winning, Foyt earned \$153,650 prize money, the richest purse in 500 history, and took a long lead toward his fourth national driving championship. He also became, against the backdrop of the day's tragedy, the leading spokesman of racing's old guard, those who cling to Indy's traditional Offenhauser-powered, alcohol-burning, front-engine roadsters.

"I am sorry those guys died," said Foyt. "We are all sorry they died. That is racing."

"But I am afraid of those rear-engine cars. I am scared of having all that gasoline around me in that type of chassis. Why, damn it, you are sitting on gasoline, you have gasoline on each side of you. Well, I can carry just as much fuel in my front-engine car—my so-called antique car—with a much greater safety margin."

Foyt had not been the only one concerned about the safety margin. At the customary meeting of all drivers the day before the race, Chief Steward Harlan

continued



Speedway rookie Dave MacDonald slides sideways in spin, starting the disaster. Eddie Sachs



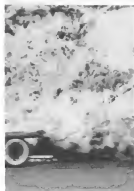
Fewer anguilly MacDonald and Sachs. Johnny Rutherford (left) squeaks through. Ronnie Dumas

Parnell Jones, the 1962 winner, leaps from his car after it catches fire in the pits. He escaped





In next car collided with him a moment later.



(Car 84) survived, as did Bob Unser (at right).

serious injury and the car came safely to rest.



A burning fire area out of the holocaust into a safety area, narrowly missing spectators.

Fengler had made it a special point. "Gentlemen, please," he said, "remember that you will be starting the race with heavy loads of fuel, and your cars will handle differently than when they are light. Be careful out there."

But on race morning, under a charcoal-gray sky and with a chill wind blowing across the Indiana plain, thoughts of the dangers of racing were submerged in a scene of festival gaiety. A band blared, celebrities paraded, a burst of colored balloons rose from the infield. Then, two minutes after the start of the race, some five minutes after Speedway President Anton Hulman had barked out his traditional "Gentlemen, start your engines," the fantastic series of accidents began.

Scotland's Jimmy Clark, his face taped for protection against the wind, jumped impressively into the lead from his pole position. His Lotus-Ford is so low-hanging that it looks like a water bug skimming along the track, and on the first lap—at a record 149.775 mph—he had pulled in front of the pack by some 200 yards. On the second lap he came whirling past in a blur of British racing green at 154.613 mph. Behind him came disaster.

Twenty-six-year-old Dave MacDonald, a fine sports car man racing his first 500 in a Ford-engineered car built by speed merchant Mickey Thompson, suddenly veered out of control rounding the last turn before the homestretch. He caromed like a deadly billiard shot off the low walls on both sides of the track, and flame exploded around him in a puff of orange. In the seconds that followed the race became a fiery tangle. Six other cars were caught in the path of fire MacDonald had painted across the track. Some made it through. Eddie Sachs, who had said before the race, "You will find me out there in the middle of things," did not. His Ford-engineered American Red Bull Special slammed into MacDonald and spun away. An explosion made an enormous whoosh Sachs was crushed against his steering wheel by the violence of the collision and was apparently already dead when fire engulfed his car. A huge, ragged pillar of black smoke rose above the wreckage.

Not far away Driver Ronnie Daman, his clothing afire, popped out of his burning Offenhauser, leaped a retaining wall and rolled on the grass to extinguish the flames. Bobby Unser in a Novi Fergu-

son, Johnny Rutherford in an Offenhauser and Chuck Stevenson in an Offenhauser threaded their way to safety.

The race was stopped, the first time ever due to an accident (rain interrupted the 1926 500). In the next hour, while work crews cleaned the track, the drivers regrouped on the track opposite the principal grandstand.

Over the public address system came the somber announcement: Sachs was dead. The crowd stood, uncovered and fell silent in a long moment of tribute. The drivers froze in a tableau of brightly-colored uniforms. An hour and 45 minutes after MacDonald's fateful slide, the race began again.

But now, chillingly, the atmosphere had changed. The long-awaited battle between old and new, between Offenhauser and Ford, did not seem so important. The surviving cars lined up single file for the restart in the order in which they had been running. Foyt, in fifth place, pulled on red golfing gloves, binged his fists together like a boxer to tighten them across his knuckles. He rested coolly in his cockpit, three sticks of gum taped on top of the driveshaft housing, just below his left arm where he could reach them handily. At the head of the line Clark looked around at the crowd, at his crew. He fidgeted with his helmet, finally climbed into the Lotus.

The engines sounded again, and after the inspection lap by the pace car, Clark's limed ahead once more. Bobby Marshman made a great rush at him in a 1963 Lotus-Ford that was the track's fastest in practice. He took the lead and poured it on, pulling away from Clark with astonishing ease. Behind Clark came Ward and next was Dan Gurney's Lotus-Ford. Those four Fords in front looked unbeatable as Jones and Foyt struggled in fifth and sixth place to uphold the old guard. On this day, however, nothing was sure or certain.

With only 40 of the race's 200 laps run, Marshman was out with a ruptured oil pan. A few minutes later Dave MacDonald died in Indianapolis' Methodist Hospital. Then Clark's car came down the homestretch with its left rear wheel cocked up at a crazy angle, sparks spewing from suspension parts dragging on the track. He fought to control the car for a hair-raising 600 yards and finally wrestled it safely into the infield.

Ward fell back, Gurney too, and suddenly the Fords had all but had it. Foyt

and Jones were locked in a stirring, savage wheel-to-wheel duel for first place. This lasted seven laps, then ended abruptly as Parnelli pitted for fuel. His cheering section waited with a placard: "Parnelli, yes. Lotus, no."

Suddenly, unexplainably (Had fuel spilled on his hot exhaust pipe? Had a spark ignited the tank when the filler cap was closed?), Jones's car was afire. The flames rolled out from under the chassis as he pulled away, and he looked back over his shoulder into a sheet of fire. He bailed out and the car turned into a torch, slamming into the pit wall while crewmen scrambled away.

It was now 1:35 p.m., 55 laps were in, and Foyt had the lead for good. Ward once closed to within 12 seconds, but his subsequent pit stops put him out of the fight. Foyt was more than a lap ahead at the end. Then came Ward, Lloyd Ruby in an Offy and rookie Johnny White in an Offy. The first four had all broken Jones's 1963 record of 143.137 mph.

The rush of the slipstream around Foyt had frayed a hole in the right elbow of his racing uniform and his lips were cracked and raw. "You guys," he rasped to reporters in his garage, "didn't come right out and say it—but you sort of hinted I would lose. You thought this so-called antique front-engine roadster couldn't hack it against the high-powered Fords, against the rear-engine cars." He shrugged. "We just didn't think the Fords would make it. We couldn't believe it. We were right."

There was backstage drama as well. On the night before the race, his chief mechanic, George Bignotti, had been forced to install a new engine in Foyt's car after the other had developed a strain during practice. And, gambling on not changing tires (Foyt, on Firestones, was the first winner ever to drive the race on one set), Bignotti removed the front air-jacks from the car to lighten it.

Indy Champion Foyt looked at his car and the garland of roses perched crazily over the cockpit. "We are," he mused, "thinking about something real drastic for next year. We are going to go into streamlining. Maybe something with an enclosed cockpit. I can't tell you more about it because I don't know myself what it will look like, but . . ."

Said Bill Ansted, Indianapolis' auto parts millionaire and Foyt's sponsor: "We will, of course, buy him anything he wants for next year."

Firestone was in the same mood. Within an hour after the race was over, company officials were standing by with a new contract to test tires. The mercurial Texan, a Goodyear tester through the past year, had switched on the first day of qualifying from Goodyears to Firestones, then half-switched back and wore a Goodyear driving uniform in the race. He vowed not to accept Firestone's \$7,500 in prize money if he won the race. "We have made out the check," said a Firestone official. "Whether or not he accepts it is up to him."

The race had other startling aspects. Ford, in lending its powerful new overhead camshaft engines to private car owners for the race, had kept a tight rein, specifying that they must run on gasoline during the actual race. Ford, in fact, had forbidden the crews to tear the engines down and had provided a supply of fresh, new ones from Detroit as replacements. All seven Fords in the race, said company spokesmen, had raced on

gasoline as ordered. Not so, said A. J. Watson, the builder of Rodger Ward's car and his chief mechanic. He had, he said, closed his garage doors to Ford's engineers one night and converted the engine to alcohol. Ward had burned alcohol during the race.

As for the Lotus-Fords, fuel was not the problem. The engines ran beautifully on gas. Marshman's trouble was oil. Both Clark and Gurney were put out by mishaps with their Dunlop tires. The tread began to peel from Clark's left rear tire, and the resulting vibration, Lotus Builder Colin Chapman said, caused the suspension to fail. Gurney complained that a tire sounded "funny," had it replaced and finally was called in for keeps on Chapman's orders.

The stage thus was set for another year of ferment at Indy: design changes were in the offing, a fight over fuel was shaping up and the tire companies were squaring away to fight anew.

This year of transition had been the

bad one. At breakfast in the driver-mechanic cafeteria under the grandstand, Mickey Thompson had talked of his plans for Dave MacDonald and the Sears Allstate Specials. "Why, we'll even put out a line of Dave MacDonald T-shirts," said Mackey, "and sell them through Sears catalogues. And Dave MacDonald toy racing cars. You know: stuff like that to make the kid some extra money."

And at nightfall, rumpled, unwashed—still in his suit with the wind-torn elbow—winner A. J. Foyt stood talking earnestly in Gasoline Alley. "Look here," he said, "You can't let this get you down, about those guys getting killed. You got to carry on in racing. Maybe you haven't noticed it about me—but I haven't got any close friends in racing. You can't let anyone get too close to you in this game. If they get killed it breaks your heart. And if you are going to race you have got to race alone."

END

A. J. Foyt is grave in triumph: in victory lane, he and his wife Loty hold a hurriedly printed Indianapolis newspaper headlining the day's events.



ONE MORE TO MAKE IT NINE

In 46 years eight horses have worn Thoroughbred racing's Triple Crown (right). Northern Dancer will join the list if he captures this week's Belmont

by WHITNEY TOWER

Whatever else happens in 1964 in the booming sport of Thoroughbred racing (see following pages), top billing belongs to the act that will be played before a full house and a national television audience at New York's Aqueduct track this coming Saturday afternoon. And regardless of the result, the focal point for everyone's attention will be a wonderful little bay, Northern Dancer, as he tries for victory in the 96th running of the mile-and-a-half Belmont Stakes. A victory in the Belmont—any year—is an achievement of distinction in itself. A victory for Northern Dancer and Jockey Bill Hartack (see cover), following their triumphs in the 90th Kentucky Derby and 88th Preakness, would make Edward P. Taylor's Canadian-bred colt the ninth Triple Crown winner in history and first since 1948. The opening odds against such a parlay are immense.

Upward of 300,000 horses have been registered with The Jockey Club since it became possible for any one of them to win the Triple Crown nearly half a century ago. Just 27 have won two of the three classic events, but Northern Dancer is only the 14th to approach the challenge of the Belmont having already won the first two legs. Of his 13 predecessors, the eight pictured at right made it—so the mathematical odds are 8 to 5 in The Dancer's favor, perhaps about the same as those that will flash opposite his number on the Aqueduct tote board on Saturday. Of the five who failed, two had excellent excuses: Bargood King (1932) and Bold Venture (1936) did not start in the Belmont. Pensive (1944) led to the stretch in his Belmont, then lost by half a length to longshot Bounding Horse. Tam Tam (1958) broke down during the race, but hung on to take second behind Cavan. And in 1961 Carry Back, cut in the early running, ran one of his rare dull races to wind up seventh to the outsider, Sherluck.

If Northern Dancer can whip George Pope's California-bred Hill Rise for the third straight time his Triple Crown will be richly deserved and immensely popular. Suddenly, The Dancer has acquired an international following similar



1919 First Triple Crown winner was Canadian-owned Sir Barton.



1930 William Woodward Sr. holds the Belair Stud's Gallant Fox.



1936 Bold Venture's second winner was a son of Gallant Fox, Omaha.



1937 War Admiral, son of Man o' War, won all starts at three.



1941 Trainer Ben Jones holds Calumet's Whirlaway, Arcaro up.



1943 Count Fleet, with Owner Mrs John Harts, won 16 of 31 races.



1946 King Ranch's Halesite Kleberg holds Assault after Belmont.

1948 Calumet's and Arcaro's second Crown winner was Citation.



to Carry Back's in his heyday. When he reached his true third birthday on May 27, Northern Dancer received a cake of carrots ornamented with miniature Canadian flags from two of Taylor's friends, Frank and Betty McMahon. Outside his stall in Barn 31 was pinned a telegram that read, HAPPY BIRTHDAY AND MAY ALL YOUR TURNS LEAD TO SHORT STRETCHES. It was signed by the Princeton University Northern Dancer Syndicate and was just one of 300 cards and wires that arrived in tribute to a runner who has captured the fancy of punters everywhere.

Trainer Horatio Luro was not, however, allowing birthday fame to go to The Dancer's head—or to his stomach. (He was only allowed to nibble at the carrots.) "He has put on a little weight, which I like," said Luro. "He has trained very well and appears stronger every day."

Following the Preakness, Taylor said of The Dancer, "I think he'll be even better at a mile and a half. Any speed horse that you can rate has an advantage at this distance provided his jockey is a good judge of pace. We know this horse qualifies and so does Bill Hartack." Luro does not agree entirely with the boss's thinking. "Northern Dancer's best distance may actually be from a mile to a mile and an eighth," he says, "but his class, in relationship to the class of the competition, will permit him to run the Belmont distance. The long gallops have tuned his heart perfectly. If we don't make it, it won't be because he is not fit."

Sorely Northern Dancer cannot be faulted on breeding class any more than he can be on performance. Both are nearly perfect. Although neither his sire, Nearctic, nor his dam, Natalma, achieved fame as U.S. fans recognize it, their ancestry reads, generation after generation, like a Who's Who of breeding and racing success. In The Dancer's veins flows the blood of Phalaris, Gainsborough, Discovery, Blenheim II, Hyperion, Mahmoud, Nearco and Native Dancer. To this add Luro's patient training methods and Hartack's skill and familiarity with Northern Dancer, and it is hard to see how he can be beaten by Hill Rise or any other entry. (Their rivals in the Belmont should include Roman Brother and possibly Determined Man, Quadrangle, Brave Lad and National, although none is considered a serious threat to the top two.)

"Hill Rise," says Trainer Bill Finnegan, "should benefit from the longer distance because I don't think he'll be so rank or hard to rate or half as nervous as before. I think his nervousness took a good deal out of him even before getting to the post in the Preakness." Finnegan also feels Hill Rise would run better at Aqueduct if the track were well watered; he considers it very tiring when fast and dry. But if Finnegan is looking for an edge in track conditions he may have come to the wrong spot. In two starts at Aqueduct, The Dancer has yet to lose (Hill Rise has never raced there). Northern Dancer's third start at the Big A should bring his third win—and the mightiest win for any horse in this country since Citation led by eight lengths at Belmont Park on June 12, 1948.

END

IT'S THE WORLD'S FAVORITE SPORT



PHIL LAUFER

There is racing today in Lagos, Nigeria, where the track runs through the heart of the city, and in Hong Kong, Caracas and Rome. The fields go clockwise in England, counterclockwise in Mexico; they run over the snow in Russia and the turf in France and through the swirling dust of the Outback at Australia's Betoota track. Hardly a land on earth fails to celebrate man's admiration for the horse and man's endless quest to discover which of several is the fastest. It is a wonderfully appealing sport. Over the past decade in the U.S.

THE HORSE RACE



seven million new enthusiasts have gone racing; in 1963 the paid attendance was 38,093,417, though only half the states have tracks. There are no exact figures from those areas where admissions are recorded by chalk marks on a goatskin, but it is plain enough that elsewhere interest in racing is growing even faster than it is here. And the search for a winner as well. In France betting on the tiercé—picking the first three horses in a race—has made the pari-mutuels the nation's fifth biggest business in dollar volume, just below

Esso gasoline and ahead of Citroën. In Southern Rhodesia there are brisk sales for a potion that enables you to dream the winner of a race the next day.

We honor this sporting phenomenon on our cover this week. On the following 18 pages we examine some of its controversial and fascinating aspects and portray the beauty that should surround it; beginning on page 72 we salute the remarkable little men in whose galvanic persons, for many spectators, much of the drama and color of racing is focused.

Prospering mightily, U.S. racing is also developing in ways that dismay many who have loved it best and longest. E. Barry Ryan, highly qualified and unusually frank, here tells our turf editor just why he is worried. A member of a distinguished American family, Ryan has devoted his life to racing, as breeder, owner and trainer. His Normandy Farm in Kentucky is one of the gems of the Bluegrass

JERRY COOK



HERE THE SPORT

When I was asked not long ago what it was that impressed me first about horse racing I instinctively answered, without a second thought: going to the races with my father at the age of 10 in Saratoga. I remember being completely awed at the magnificence of the beautifully turned-out horses that came to the paddock representing the leading stables in America. In the years since (and I am 44 now), I have been an owner, a breeder and a trainer. I have had a varied taste of racing in most parts of this country, in Canada and in England and France.

You hear so much about the old days of racing and the fun it used to be. In a sense, looking back on them today, they seem like Utopia. But I am not fool enough to think we're ever going to get back to Utopia or the fun and relaxation and the true sport of the old days.

And yet it's good to reminisce a bit. The thing that best describes the old days is that people were in racing because it was a challenge and because it was sporting—but, first and foremost, they liked the horse. Most of them rode themselves. They hunted or owned show horses, as their fathers and grandfathers had before them. Take, for example, the very early days at Newmarket, the start of racing as we know it. Needless to say, there were no grandstands then, but four or five people who had Thoroughbred horses would come out to that famous heath on a Sunday, and they'd match them up at a mile on the straight. And this is the part of the story I love—the spectators would ride out on horseback to see these four or five horses compete. They would sit on their own horses in the stretch watching the racers coming from afar, four or five of them, and when the racers got to the final furlong, all of them driving to the wire, the entire gallery would gallop with them to the finish.

This is, of course, a long way back, but you can visualize the color of it:

everybody carefully dressed, mounted on horseback, watching the competition and being so fascinated and so enthusiastic that the last eighth of a mile was made up of five horses running in the race for a purse of 100 sovereigns and 100 spectators all galloping to the wire with them to see how the finish came out. It's a true and lovely vignette.

Since those early wonderful sporting days in England, Thoroughbred racing has grown tremendously throughout the world, and certainly in the U.S. But having watched it grow through the last few tricky decades, I'm more than ever convinced that American racing is growing in the wrong direction. I would not say that the game is all bad. The public is accommodated better in fancier grandstands, and everything is bigger. The money, especially, is bigger. And because of it, unfortunately, the emphasis here is less on the sport itself than on an ever-increasing handle earmarked primarily for the benefit of state legislatures. We are losing something, and not the least of this something is the number of U.S. owners who are now racing their stock in Europe, where the game is also getting bigger but has managed to save its pageantry, its traditions and its dignity. Those are the things I miss here. In England, France, Ireland and Australia there is an actual interest in and love of the sport and the horse as an individual. In the U.S. the interest is purely in numbers. Everything is in betting units. Whatever *esprit de corps* we once had in American racing is fast diminishing. The game has become permeated with a sense of fear and pressure. Everybody is afraid of somebody else today, and it only makes it tougher and tougher for any active participant in racing to enjoy the game. I am speaking for the owner, the breeder, the trainer and certainly the wearier-than-ever horseplayer.

The interlocking fear-and-pressure situation goes something like this: The

growth and improvement of plant facilities have resulted in larger mutual handles, which in turn have filled state treasuries with an ever-increasing tax bite. Naturally, the states have seized the opportunity to increase the number of days of racing—which is doing the sport no good at all. But, of course, the state couldn't care less about the sport as long as it is getting more of a tax income every year. So, in effect, the state runs racing everywhere, even in New York, where 10 years ago a group of intelligent men sold out to the state the individual franchises of the four tracks they owned or controlled for the price of a ham sandwich. Now you see the fear cycle. The racing commissioners are afraid of the state, because the job of commissioner is a political appointment. Track management is afraid of the state, because if the track doesn't put on a steady diet of heavy-betting races with full fields (as opposed to races of smaller fields made up of better horses but producing smaller handles) the state will notice a drop in its tax share. Owners and trainers are afraid of management, because if they don't ship in with horses ready to run—and then run them every three days—they won't get stall space next time around. Finally, trainers are even afraid of their own help, which is often inexperienced and unwilling.

There are also specific problems that face those of us who live as professional racetrackers. Bigger handles and bigger purses obviously make it more interesting for more people to get into racing. The breeder benefits, because there is a broader and higher market for his animal. The average yearling price in 1963 at the major auctions was an astronomical \$13,000. Some shares in stallions are going for \$50,000. A top broodmare can command a price of half a million. There is a market for every horse because there is so much racing that the poor stock finds its way to the half-bred and

continued

BY E. BARRY RYAN WITH WHITNEY TOWER

IS GOING SOUR

little tracks. In fact, there is so much racing that it is very hard today not to win a race with a horse. At one little track last year they were writing conditions for horses that had not been one-two-three at the meeting, and if you finished fifth or worse the track paid your jockey's fee. In other words, the track subsidized the race, so it didn't cost the owner anything at all to run.

Can you imagine what this does? It makes you go on with a horse that you should not be racing. You go on because every once in a while you find a new race and enough money to go on again. And this makes markets for those bad horses. It makes a man breed a bad mare and breed to bad stallions because he knows there is some kind of a market. He raises horses like cows, and he sells them for whatever he can get. I think this is inexcusable. It's the old story of putting a premium on mediocrity.

I am very much against programs in

some states where bonuses are offered for horses bred in that particular state. I think it causes an overproduction of horses rather than selective breeding of horses. It results in giving away too much money to a bad horse, and when that horse stops racing it is bred as fast as it can stagger into the breeding shed. I believe that to the victor should go the spoils, to the best horse should go the money, and it shouldn't make any difference whether the best horse was bred in California, Kentucky, Illinois, Ontario or The Bronx.

The American owner and trainer are no better off than the breeder. Only in a few prominent stables, in the hands of veteran big-name trainers, can be found the relaxed attitude that goes with shipping horses in and out of a track when you want to and running them as you see fit. The big trainer still has some say-so. But the little trainer will run horses where they don't belong, and

maybe too soon, before they are ready. He does this because he knows the track is marking down his every start, and if he doesn't start a horse every time the management thinks he should the word goes out: "We'll fix this clown. He'll get half the stalls he asks for next year." That's why management loves, and caresses to, the public trainers with a barn full of cheap horses. Management loves the man who ships in ready to run five horses a day, who claims horses that are fit and ready and who keeps popping them in, walking them a day or two and popping them in again. It's that numbers game.

How sad do you think racetrack managements are over the death of any prominent owner of a traditionally famous stable? Publicly they will concede that Mr. So-and-so was the very backbone of the game, and they will send a big wreath to his funeral. Privately they will be thinking, "Hurrah, So-and-so is gone, so we have 20 stalls to give to Joe Blow, who is bringing in 20 claimers ready to run every three or four days."

A stall shortage is a pretty common complaint throughout the major racing centers, and much of the problem revolves around finding stalls for 2-year-olds, especially early in the season. In some places trainers are told they can only bring a certain number of 2-year-olds, based on the number of older horses they are carrying—for example, one 2-year-old for every three older horses. This is because management believes that the 2-year-old is a bad betting proposition. In fact, when he gets to running, a 2-year-old's form is fairly consistent, and people like to bet on him. But the trouble is that early in the year 2-year-olds are being—or should be—saved for later on. Or else they are going through the usual baby diseases. This means that a good part of the time the 2-year-old is not useful to track management and he's just taking up stall space. Management naturally would like to give those stalls to somebody more valuable and forget about the trainer who has eight 2-year-olds and four older horses, the trainer who is hopefully looking ahead to the classics a year away and who has no intention of cranking up his 2-year-olds until August.

I agree with most racing men that we are vastly overracing our 2-year-olds today, and I am quite sure that too much early 2-year-old racing has a bad effect

At traditional Saratoga the horses in the walking ring still draw knowledgeable spectators.



on what happens later on in the handicap division. Across the country today we have maybe 10 genuine handicap horses. We have something like 16,000 foals a year, and by the time these foals are 4 we are down to 10 top horses. And when I say top, not all of them are like Kelso. The next division consists of maybe 35 very useful allowance horses. These horses are now sneaking into the handicap division because there are so many places to run. I'd hate to sit down and pick the top 10. You start with Kelso, Mongo, Gun Bow, Saidam, Cyrano, and then you begin to stagger around trying to pick the next five, never mind the next 35. This is the result of overracing at 2 and a season so long that it is both dull and dangerous, ruining the overall quality of the sport.

Today's average trainer, faced with trying to get along with management so that he will be allowed in the park next year, has a handful of other worries.

First, he may be so short on stall space that he is forced to put his feed and tack out in the shed row. Next, he has incompetent help most of the time. In the old days grooms were men who had come up through an apprenticeship. They knew something about a horse and how to turn him out. In England today you still find them. In the paddock at Goodwood or Ascot a neatly dressed groom walks in with his horse turned out to a fare-thee-well. The horse's mane is braided, or at least combed and neat. It doesn't make any difference if that man is going to the Derby or to the last race. He is leading his little horse, and he has a pride in his work that everyone can see.

We don't have it anymore. We have a boy who was driving a bus yesterday and got fired. Or a guy who has seen a horse pulling a wagon three times. The trainer is half afraid to tell the boy to braid a horse's mane because a) the boy doesn't know how to braid a mane, b)

maybe the trainer doesn't know how to either, or c) the groom is liable to say to him, "Go braid it yourself." Discipline has gone. I have seen lead ponies at Aqueduct that looked horrible, and attendants on them who looked worse off than Bowery bums. A trainer doesn't want his pony boy dressed in a Brooks Brothers suit, but he should want him neat. If he suggests it to the boy, he's likely to be told, "Have you lost your mind? Go get somebody else." I wouldn't be surprised to see a groom come into the paddock at Aqueduct someday wearing a Beatle wig.

You have similar trouble with your exercise boys. Say you are a little trainer with two horses and you cannot afford your own boy. So you grab some free-lance on the run. You say to him, "Take this horse, walk him out to the three-quarter pole, then jog a quarter of a mile and gallop him back to the five-and-a-half-furlong pole and pull him up and walk him home." The boy will look at you as if you were raving mad. Then he will get on your horse, ride him as far as the gap, kick him in the belly, gallop him around once, snatch him up, gallop him back to the gap and get him to the barn as fast as he can because he has to jump off and get on some other man's horse. Now, this isn't training the horse. This is training *at* a horse, and it must show up in the horse's performance.

We are getting new people in racing, which is all for the good, provided they care something about horses and maybe know a little about them, too. The trouble is you get people coming in who neither know nor care. Mr. Moneybags, unknowledgeable about racing, gets into the game. He gets his trainer, but he doesn't know how much his trainer knows either. Neither of them knows what the standard of excellence should be. And, believe me, the standard used to be wonderfully high. At Evening Stables in England even today the groom stands there in the box with his horse, takes the rug off him so the trainer can inspect him, lays out his brush and his curry comb and his equipment in the corner for further inspection. Then the trainer may use white gloves to run his hand over the horse's back to see if he has picked up any dirt. You still see a little of this elegance in the bigger stables in America. You see it most of all at Saratoga. Go around some afternoon at 4 o'clock and look into almost any stall,

continued

At commercial Aqueduct many fans never see horses, even watch races on closed-circuit TV.



You'll find everything quiet all about you, and a horse is standing there perfectly relaxed and done up to his knees in bandages. His bed is level and it's thick. He has been done up earlier and his coat is shining. He is a pleasure to look at, and there is something very thrilling about it. But wherever else you are in the U.S. today, this is the exception rather than the rule.

The rule is that the horse has as skimpy a bed as possible, and he's got half a portion of hay in front of him. He probably hasn't got any bandages on, because if the trainer wants bandages he would have to put them on himself because the groom doesn't know how. The groom doesn't want to bed the stall down too heavy, because he's going to have to muck out too much in the morning. Furthermore the trainer doesn't want the groom to bed the horse down too deep either, because he's going to throw out too much, which is going to cost the trainer too much—and the trainer is only getting paid on a per diem basis. It is the system of the shortcut, and the only thing that counts for the trainer is to get that horse to the races and run him. Hell, the trainer says to himself, 10% of nothing is nothing, so run your horse 49 times a year if you can. Use a vet who will tell you only what you want to hear—instead of what the vet knows he should suggest to you—so that you can run, run and then run again. If you tell Mr. Moneybags his horses need a rest and should not run for a few months, he will go down the road and find a trainer who will run the whole stable, cripples and all, tomorrow.

A disturbed as I am, I still feel some constructive action can be taken. First, to come back to the 2-year-olds, I am in favor of putting in a rule that says no 2-year-old can run before June 15—except in claiming races. In other words, if a man has a little gingerbread 2-year-old and he's got to run for a claim to win, then he should be able to. The man has bought the 2-year-old as a yearling and he's got some money in it, and he wants to run and get his money back and try to keep things going. Sure, why not? Let him run in claimers. But I would have no 2-year-old stakes before July 15, which would force people to save their best young stock until the late summer or fall meetings (when all

of them have reached the true age of 2). This would give them a chance to overcome early troubles and allow their bones to set.

Next I would institute the quinella form of betting (betting on the first two in a race) as they have done in some places in Canada with great success. The quinella enables short fields to run, and because it does attract extra betting these short fields run at no loss to the management. With quinella betting in force we would help the owner and trainer with the middle-class allowance horse. You see, while the man with the claimers has plenty of chances to run—and with the tracks catering to him all the time, he certainly should have—the fellow with the rarer middle-quality horse does not. In most places today, if there aren't at least eight betting interests the race doesn't go, because management figures it is not going to be a good betting race. This is shocking.

Say you have a horse worth \$25,000, eligible for an attractive race under allowance conditions. Six of you enter, and on paper it looks like a fine race. But management will not let it go, because it is more interested in catering to the cheap horse that will keep the fields full and the mutuels clicking. A typical breeder who is putting his life and money into the game because he hopes some day to win a great classic has paid a lot to raise his allowance horse. He may have paid a \$10,000 stud fee, \$10,000 more to get the colt to the races at 2 and another \$7,000 at 3. He has invested \$30,000 in that horse. He can beat a \$15,000 claimer to death, but he cannot beat a Keelo. So he cannot put him in the big stakes and he can't run him for \$15,000 in a claiming race. If the allowance race draws only six entries, his horse gets no race, and he may have to wait three or four weeks before he gets a chance. Here is an injustice that quinella betting—put on the card for one race a day at the discretion of management—would solve. (In England, of course, the system is still better, because when you put a horse into a race it doesn't make any difference if it comes up a walkover—that race goes.)

While we're on the subject of multiple-type betting, I'm against the twin double. The quinella has a use, but to me the twin double is a lottery, too much of a freak bet, liable to attract the wrong kind of gambling and the wrong kind

of gambler. The peanut games they are running at some of the smaller tracks are not doing racing any good either. Some tracks can only exist through the use of gimmicks. They have a poor game with a small handle and try to milk it for all it is worth. When you get to giving away Green Stamps and things like that, you've lost me.

I am strongly in favor of a shorter racing season in most parts of the country. The exception would be in southern California, where the great increase of population in the Los Angeles area could definitely support more racing than there is now in the relatively short meetings at Santa Anita and Hollywood Park. But I'm speaking mainly of New York, which now has 234 days at major tracks, from March 16 through December 12. The state legislature, I know, will howl about cutting days in New York, but I think it could be done very easily by instituting two things: 1) off-track betting and 2) Sunday racing.

I think it is hypocritical to be against Sunday racing. If you say it is immoral to see the moving picture *Tom Jones* on Sunday afternoon, then I agree with you it is immoral to go racing on Sunday afternoons. But it is perfectly ridiculous to say you can go see a baseball game or a hockey game or a professional football game—all of which are heavily bet—on a Sunday, but not a horse race. Most Catholic countries in the world race on Sunday. I'm not proposing we start the races at 8 in the morning. I propose we start the races at the normal time, after church, have lunch at the races and watch the horses run.

I would put in off-track betting, harnessed to the mutuels and run by the state. The New York season could be limited to April 15 to October 15 if you had off-track betting and Sunday racing (taking Tuesdays off), because you could average a \$5 million handle every day, at least, and thus the state could realize in a shorter period more tax money than it received from 1963's 229 days. Nothing would benefit horses and horsemen more than a shorter season. Our fearfully long season, begat by greed, is hurting the overall picture of racing in America. In short, the horses are track-sore, the owners, trainers and breeders are track-sore, the track itself is track-sore. And I suspect, after this, when I apply for stalls I may be told that I am too sore to get any.

END



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Not all trainers take a pessimistic view of U.S. racing. Among those happily sharing in the game's bonanza is Brooklyn's Howard (Buddy) Jacobson, who last year led all trainers with 140 winners and who operates his public stable at Aqueduct like an assembly line. He simply and sincerely believes that

IT'S NOT A SPORT IT'S A BUSINESS

"I don't care about watching races. I don't even like horses. This isn't a sport. It's a business." That is the opinion of Howard (Buddy) Jacobson, who is not a disgruntled horseplayer but the leading trainer in the U.S. Jacobson leaned against the cement-block wall of Barn 10 at Aqueduct recently and continued: "It's a tremendous way to make a living. You have a healthy life, a chance for advancement. You have Florida in the winter and New York the rest of the year. Your time is your own, and the job is mechanical. What else could you ask for?"

Buddy Jacobson is the 33-year-old son of a Brooklyn hat merchant, and he runs his public stable like a hat factory, heedless of the "sport" and long-cherished traditions. June has just begun, and Jacobson already has handled more than \$1 million in operating a 35-horse establishment. Each animal under his shed row is there to make money for one of his 16 owners and to make as much money as possible as fast as possible.

"I like to trade horses," Jacobson says. "You've got to be active in this business

to do well. You can't sit still. You've got to run your horses, and a man has got to wheel and deal in those claiming races. You can't have an attachment to a horse. Except for rare cases like Kelso, no horse holds valuable form more than six months. He may be worth \$6,000 in January and only \$2,500 in the fall."

Because nearly two-thirds of all races run are claimers (in which any horse can be claimed for a specified price), and Jacobson sees them as "the backbone of the business," he has concentrated his efforts in this field. Since January 1 he has claimed 30 horses worth \$182,750 and has had 35 others, valued at \$268,000, claimed from him. Thus Jacobson's stock is constantly changing. There is a 75% turnover in the merchandise every five months.

All this trading back and forth assures the smart operator of having fresh, active stock able to win races regularly. Horsemen complain that the Jacobsons of racing claim a man's horse when it is just fit and ready to win and then discard the horse when it is no longer useful.

Jacobson replies, "They claim as many horses of mine as I do of theirs. It's a game any number can play."

Last year he started 688 horses, won 140 races and \$730,418. He led the country in winners and was second to Mesh Tenney (who trained only 40 winners but won six \$100,000 races) in the money-earned standings. So far this year Jacobson has won 60 of 258 races and \$345,300 "A trainer's value to racing," Jacobson says, "should be judged by the number of horses he sends to the post. If you don't run I don't think it's fair to the people in the business, the owners. They foot the bills. The sporting thing to do in this business is win money, whether in claiming races or in The Futurity. If you go fishing the sporting thing to do is catch fish. If you race it's to win cash." This is Jacobson's reason for being in racing, and he follows established custom only when it benefits the bank account. "If they put on kangaroo racing, I'd claim some kangaroos," he says. "I go along with the association. Whatever kind of horses they write races for, that

continued

is the kind that will be in my barn. I claim different horses in Florida than I do here. Down there the valuable horses are distance or turf runners, the better-class animal that runs for around \$10,000. Up here the best horses you can have in the spring and late fall are cheap \$3,500 claimers and 3-year-olds who go

three-quarters of a mile. In the summer in New York you have to have half a stable of 2-year-olds to be successful. The races then are all made for 2-year-olds. I don't make the rules. The association does. I've got to play it their way. You know, my horse Bupers won The Futurity here last year [Jacobson had bought him pri-

vately for \$16,500 a month before]. He took home \$91,000 in that one race, \$20,000 more than Kelso won in the Woodward a week later. Now, if you think my horse deserved to win more than Kelso, you're screwy. He should have been winning a \$10,000 purse. But that's the way the business works."

TWO CONSECUTIVE WEEKS IN THE LIFE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL PUBLIC STABLE

DATE	AMOUNT WON	HORSE	KIND OF RACE	JOCKEY	FINISHED	OWNER	HORSES CLAIMED BY JACOBSON	PRICE	HORSES CLAIMED FROM JACOBSON	PRICE
Mon.	840	Concraile	maiden	Chambers	2	R-R Stable				
	1,100	Carroll County	12,500 clg.	Ussery	2	Hellman				
		Who's In Charge	allowance	Ussery	7	Shaer				
	9,750	Champsiv	handicap	Ussery	1	Frankel				
		Gersteve	4,500 clg.	Chambers	6	Frankel				
Tues.	800	Golden Gayety	maiden 10,000	Ussery	2	Frankel	Wild Will	7,500		
	550	Amber Bonnet	10,000 clg.	Hartack	3	R-R Stable	Wattana	7,500		
	175	Basher Jr.	3,500 clg.	Ussery	4	Mann				
	950	Dorby Line	7,000 clg.	Hartack	2	Lo Balbo				
Wed.	no starters									
Thurs.		Palenque III	6,250 clg.	Ussery	5	Frankel	Batu	6,500	Palenque III	6,250
	650	Faune	16,500 clg.	Hartack	3	Shaer	Luey Miss	6,500		
		Camaderene	4,500 clg.	Ussery	9	Hellman			Camaderene	4,500
Fri.	2,275	Gerpleve	3,500 clg.	Chambers	1	Frankel				
	1,500	Costabona	allowance	Gustine	2	Shaer				
	3,575	Road Patrol	13,000 clg.	Ussery	1	Hellman				
Sat.	2,600	Count Bailey	5,000 clg.	Ussery	1	Mann				
	3,575	Misjudged	10,000 clg.	Ussery	1	Shaer				
	2,600	War Lord	3,500 clg.	Kallis	1	Frankel				
		Wattana	14,000 clg.	Ussery	10	Frankel				
	4,150	Bupers	stake	Culmone	4	Frankel				
		Who's In Charge	allowance	Hartack	7	Shaer				
	17,250	Golden Joey	stake	Blum	1	Frankel				
Mon.		Gerpleve	5,000 clg.	Hartack	5	Frankel				
		Basher Jr.	3,500 clg.	Ussery	7	Mann				
	3,120	Dorby Line	7,000 clg.	Hartack	1	Lo Balbo			Dorby Line	7,000
	2,275	Wisk Up	3,500 clg.	Hartack	1	Riverside Farm			Wisk Up	3,500
Tues.	210	Concraile	maiden	Chambers	4	R-R Stable	Andorra II	5,000		
	840	Golden Gayety	maiden	Chambers	2	Frankel	Marcos Paz	5,000		
	3,500	Amber Bonnet	11,500 clg.	Hartack	1	R-R Stable				
Wed.		Who's In Charge	10,000 clg.	Ussery	5	Shaer	Gay Wilhelms	3,500		
	2,000	Champsiv	allowance	Ussery	2	Frankel				
	250	Contrabanda	allowance	Grimm	4	Shaer				
Thurs.	550	Please Julie	10,500 clg.	Ussery	3	Frankel				
	2,730	War Lord	3,500 clg.	Ussery	1	Frankel			War Lord	3,500
Fri.	800	Brooklyn Colonel	9,000 clg.	Chambers	2	R-R Stable				
	1,400	Faune	19,000 clg.	Hartack	2	Shaer			Faune	19,000
		Bupers	stake	Ussery	5	Frankel				
Sat.	1,100	Carroll County	12,500 clg.	Ussery	2	Hellman				
	600	Amber Bonnet	allowance	Ussery	3	R-R Stable				
TOTAL	\$87,134							\$41,500		\$45,750

The chart opposite analyzes two typical weeks of racing and claiming activity by Jacobson. In that period he entered horses in every type of event that race-tracks offer, from stakes to \$3,500 claimers, and he raced stock every racing day but one (he has had only four blank days since moving north from Florida). What is more, every day he had a starter the stable won money. Jacobson used eight different jockeys. He claimed seven horses worth \$41,500 and had six taken from him valued at \$43,750.

Now that he is established as a trainer and has a ready supply of owners interested in investing money, Jacobson does not limit himself to claimers. Last January he bought Treasure Chest, a full sister to the 1959 2-year-old filly champion My Dear Girl, for \$70,000 in the Hialeah 2-year-old sale. "There are very few horses worth \$30,000 or \$40,000," he says. "They are usually worth \$20,000 or \$100,000. There's not much in between. I want to shoot for that better type of horse. If she's the fourth or fifth best 2-year-old filly in the country, she'll be a bargain." What Jacobson also has in the barn is the fastest 2-year-old colt seen this year—the four-time stakes winner Golden Jocky, a fat butterball of chestnut that has broken two track records without even trying. Jacobson also has the stakes winner Champsiv, which he claimed for \$16,000 nearly two years ago and with whom he has won \$80,000. Since mid-March he has won five stakes, a handicap, an allowance race and a maiden event. He has had nine wins with claimers valued between \$10,000 and \$16,000, nine wins with \$6,250-to-\$9,500 horses and nine with \$3,500-to-\$5,000 runners. "I like to have a diversified barn," he explains. "Not too many horses of the same caliber. You'll rarely see me running entries. Why run against yourself? I don't see any point in it. I usually claim horses that the fans like. Often I pick a horse that's a big favorite. But I consider the time of the year and the potential for the horse at the time. There's no Christmas. Those big stables don't sell you a horse unless they think he's all through."

Jacobson does not limit his claiming activity to flat horses. He also takes steeplechasers. "But that's seasonal," he says. "Steeplechasing is the best game

there is. There ought to be more of it. That's what horse racing is—through the fields, over a fence, across a creek." Jacobson believes that steeplechase horses and jockeys are superior to the merry-go-round performers on the flat, and it is ironic that the steeplechasing fraternity does not appreciate his enthusiastic endorsement. In 1959 he claimed his first steeplechaser, Sunn Feiner, and thereby shocked the tweedy set, who had been entering their horses in jumping claimers for years but, in gentlemanly fashion, never claiming each other's horses. They now watch nervously to see when Jacobson will sweep down and seize the horses they have nurtured and schooled carefully for years.



Jacobson rarely gets this close to his horses, either physically or emotionally. He prefers a detached approach.

Jacobson is suspect also simply because he has been too successful. But, as Aqueduct's racing secretary, Tommy Trotter, says, "He's smart. He picks his spots and he reads the condition book more carefully than other trainers. When he claims a horse, he already has a race picked out for him, and Buddy does not abuse his horses. He does not run them every other day. If they train off, he ships them out to his farm and freshens them."

Sixteen years ago Jacobson was walking "hots" for his uncle, Trainer Eugene Jacobs, for \$25 a week. Last year he cleared \$100,000. He takes a stand at the end of his barn at 7 a.m. and watches his horses walked around the barn by exercise boys and hot walkers. The night before, he has mapped out the morning work for each horse. "You can run

through the whole lot in two hours in the morning if you have an idea of future plans," he says. "Of course, you have to be flexible. A horse walks by. I check him out. I can't see any more in 10 minutes than I can in 10 seconds. If the horse looks all right, he does what is scheduled. If you get too close to the situation, you can't see. You only get a clear picture if you stand away. I don't get too involved. I treat it like a business."

Jacobson treats his owners in the same disinterested manner. They pay him \$21 per day to board, train and care for each horse, and they give him full discretion in racing, buying and selling their stock. Jacobson is responsible. "When a horse doesn't win, it is because I made a mistake," he says. "And I make a lot of mistakes. It's up to me to make the decisions. A jockey may lose a race for you, but he can't win one for you. That's my responsibility."

Jacobson's assortment of owners is representative of the new men in racing. Among them are a stockbroker, a dentist, a motel proprietor, a shoe manufacturer, two electronic industrialists, and a builder. The builder is Sam Lefrak, the 46-year-old owner of one of the largest apartment-construction firms in the world. Lefrak, nattily attired and well-perfumed, showed up at Jacobson's barn a few mornings ago. A reporter asked him why he raced horses. Immediately he replied, "For the improvement of the breed." Then he paused. "And to win the Kentucky Derby," he continued. Jacobson had commented a little while before. "When new owners first come into the business they always say to you, 'I'm only interested in that good horse. I just want to win the Derby. I'm not interested in cheap horses.' But if you buy them horses and then don't run them, they complain. Winning keeps them happy."

"Racing is an entertainment show put on for the public. The amount of money bet affects what races are run. And the bookkeeping? You spend more time with your bookkeeper than with the horses." Businessman Buddy Jacobson looked up and grinned. "It must have been great," he said, "in those days when you sat behind a table with a pile of money and paid each guy off in cash."

—PATRICIA RYAN

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL RACETRACK IN THE WORLD

If anything of grace and beauty is to survive man's passion for functional perfection, it may well be the famed race courses of another day. Just as it did Snow White's wicked stepmother, the search for beauty fascinates us all, and among racetracks the competition is fierce: California's Santa Anita, with its backdrop of purple mountains; gracious Saratoga, at ease in the shade of stately elms; England's bucolic Goodwood, sprawling among the Sussex hills; Australia's spacious, beflowered Flemington. Our mirror, however, reflects Chantilly, an hour's drive from Paris—Chantilly, with its verdant turf, its winding gallops through the birches, lindens and oaks of the ancient forest, its Renaissance château. Chantilly has been the seat of classical French racing since 1830, a place which every summer attracts those people who love beauty and good racing. Chantilly, we feel, is the fairest of them all.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE



With the château as backdrop, restive horses and jockeys await the start







A horse takes a long lead into the woods





Under vivid sun umbrellas, some linger over strawberries and champagne
But the race is the thing; here the horses are rounding the château turn






 BATHING SUITS • SWIMWEAR • BIKINIS • ACCESSORIES
Jantzen
 INTERNATIONAL SPORTS CLUB

HIT THE SURF

Tight trunks are in this season; possibly for the same reason that slacks are tight. Thus here is the Jantzen International Sports Club wearing the new formfitted trunks. As always, Jantzen leads the parade to the surf. Many colors, many styles. *Big picture*, John Severson, big wave surfer, in "Banzai Pipe," about \$6.95; Frank Gifford in the famous "Jolly Roger," about \$5.95. *Top*, Terry Baker in the "Sandpiper," about \$7.95; brand-new stretch gabardine developed by ANSONIA MILLS exclusively for Jantzen, John has on the yellow with black trim basketball-type trunks, about \$7.95. *Bottom*, Paul Hornung wears the button cardigan (about \$5.95), and Bob Cousy the zip cardigan surf rider shirt, with emblem (about \$5.95). Get yours. Hit surf.

sportswear for sportsmen

Before a crowd of 10,000 Mark Twain fans in Calaveras County, Calif., Tarheel Terror II, the splotchy dark green entry of North Carolina's Governor Terry Sanford, scored a sensational 11 feet 9 inches to wrest leaping honors from California Governor Pat Brown's Rocket (who jumped a nothing 3 feet 5) in the 99th local frog-jumping contest. But, in the kind of storytelling switch that Twain liked best, Nevada Governor Grant Sawyer's sleek and graceful Parute Pote was judged Grand Champion of the whole tournament just because he was so beautiful—to frog lovers, that is.

Out on the field Dodger infielder Maury Wills was busy stealing bases (two) from the New York Mets. Inside the Dodger Stadium locker room another pro (with a greater passion for anonymity) was busy stealing the diamond ring Maury got for helping the Dodgers win the World Series last year.

The atmosphere of Paris has not proved particularly healthy for the organization known as NATO. But to NATO's newly appointed boss, Italian Ambassador to France Massimo Brosio, it is as stimulating as fine French wine. Practically every morning just before dawn, Brosio leaps out of bed and bounds over to the Bagatelle tennis courts in the Bois de Boulogne for some fast sets with his staff. "I do it," he says, "just for fun." His associates have remained diplomatically silent about why they do it.

"When we get to town I call up a pro and get him to take me on," said tennis nut Ed-

ward Everett Horton, one of the stars of the touring musical, *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*. "But we play by my rules," added the young 77-year-old actor who manages at least a set a day. "That means I stand in one place on the court, and the ball has to come to me. And if anybody happens to wander up to watch, the pro has to make me look like I'm playing a strenuous game."

Charles (King Kong) Keller has long since stopped racing around the bases for the New York Yankees. Now his harness horses do all the trotting and King Kong is on the coaching line. Last week he was joined there by another benched Yankee as Sports-caster Phil Rizzuto bought a leg or two of one of Keller's new 3-year-olds named, appropriately, Tepid Yankee.

Maybe it was the fact that they had just clinched the match on the 16th hole. Maybe it was because one of their defeated opponents was that past master of the old soft shoe, Ray Bolger. Maybe it was just the Pennsylvania Dutch country near which the match was played. Whatever the reason, it was enough to inspire Golfers Dwight D. Eisenhower, 73, and Arnold Palmer, 34, to a pretty do-si-do (right) in celebration of their victory over Bolger and Jimmy Demaret.

"Boxing," said 140-pound Soviet Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan, as he stopped off at Tokyo's Kurama Kokugikan arena to watch some 300-pound sumo wrestlers in action, "is inhumane, but sumo is a worthwhile sport,

combining strength, stamina and a sort of classical beauty. Though I am a small man and cannot compete with them, I can take pride while I am watching that I am one of the male sex."

Figuring that justice is justice and that any man who can successfully send Leo Du-rocher to the showers can sentence anybody, a Texas judge invited National League Umpire Jocko Conlan to share his bench for a day. "In a sense we are trying to be good umpires down here," said the judge as Jocko took his seat in court. "Well," said the visiting man in blue, "you have two weeks to reach a decision. I never get that kind of time."

"There is a possibility," said Rejoneador Angel Peralta of his new pupil, Geraldine Chaplin, "that she might take up bullfighting professionally." But more analytical aficionados made a correction.

The possibility, said those who have been watching famed Charlie's susceptible 20-year-old daughter flutter like a butterfly between ballet school in Paris and torero school in Madrid, was that Geraldine might take up Teacher Peralta matrimonially.

Any day now American Football League Commissioner Joe Foss will be headed for Africa to hunt some big game. And if the big game are not panicked at the thought, it may be that they have heard about Joe's deadly aim—on the golf course. Seeking to sharpen his eye on the links one afternoon recently, Joe picked up a one-wood and sliced his first tee shot right into the weeds. His next shot landed among the trees and his next back in the weeds. After that it was the weeds once more, then the water, then a sand trap. It was a long day, and Commissioner Foss wound it up with a 31—for the first hole.



A dream match produces a dream round

There were trees on wheels and lightning bolts and it took two days, but Ben Hogan—playing almost flawlessly—finally bested an old rival in head-to-head competition



AS WRAY SNEAD OFFERS LITTLE MORE THAN A HINT OF A LOSER'S SMILE

Someday someone is going to play the perfect round of golf. It will happen in about the same year that they discover a politician or a taxi driver who isn't on the hustle, or a shoeless that doesn't break when you are in a hurry. Until that perfect game of golf is played, the 18 holes that Ben Hogan turned in from tee to green in Houston the other day will have to do. Playing against Sam Snead in a TV exhibition called *Shell's Wonderful World of Golf*, Hogan hit 35 shots about as well as they could be hit. He also stroked 34 putts like a man with an advanced case of Parkinson's disease for a final score of 69 and a three-stroke victory over Snead. When it was all over, Gene Sarazen, who narrates the show for the Shell Oil Company, said, "Ben, from tee to green that is the finest round of golf that has been played in my lifetime." For reference, Sarazen won his first U.S. Open 42 years ago.

Just about anyone else alive could have said the same thing as Sarazen. Throughout the entire 18 holes, Hogan never hit a shot more than 10 feet off the line of flight he intended it to travel. He

never once hit the ball into the rough or a hazard. On all 18 greens, he was putting for either a birdie or an eagle. If someone like Arnold Palmer or Billy Casper had been putting for him, he might well have scored in the 50s.

In these days when promoters outnumber sand traps, visions of a last great Snead-Hogan confrontation had been dancing in many a restless noggin. To any golf fan past the age of 35 it would be a kind of dream match, although the younger generation might rate its excitement potential on a par with a Norma Talmadge love scene. Nonetheless, these two ancients, each of whom is 52 this year, still give the current champions some uncomfortable moments in the few tournaments they enter.

The match was finally put together by Fred Corcoran, a New Yorker whose life is devoted to arranging such sporting climaxes. He caught up with Hogan in April at the Masters, where Ben had shot a brilliant third-round 67 and finished in a tie for ninth. Knowing that Hogan was then feeling fairly sanguine about his putting after a decade of yips, Cor-

coran persuaded him to give a TV match some thought. When Hogan eventually agreed, it marked his first venture into the business of televised matches—he had long avoided them.

Snead had played in many—perhaps more than any other golfer. All he asked was a chance to get in a practice round before the match. To make that possible, a Houston industrialist named Pierre Schlumberger (pronounced *shlubamare-jay*) sent his company jet to pick up Snead at his home club of Greenbrier in West Virginia on a Sunday morning. That afternoon, Sam was out on the Houston Country Club course firing five and six balls on every hole from every position. Hogan was also on the course, as he had been for the previous two days. When he and Snead passed close to each other on adjacent holes, they did not even nod. They have never been particularly fond of each other.

The blunt fact is that two more antithetical types than Hogan and Snead could hardly exist. At the apex of his career, Hogan was about as convivial as a Trappist monk. He conquered golf

with willpower, forcing his slight physique to its utmost. Snead was the carefree hillbilly, everybody's pal, a kind of Will Rogers of the fairways with his homey wit and hayseed yarns. The only thing the two men had in common was a total commitment to golf.

Snead and Hogan met in head-to-head matches—exclusive of team matches—only three times in their long and parallel careers, and Snead won them all. The first was in San Francisco in 1941, where Snead had a 66 to Hogan's 68. The next was a playoff at the 1950 Los Angeles Open, an event that marked Hogan's return to competition after an automobile accident that nearly took his life 11 months earlier. Snead won, 72-76. At the 1954 Masters they tied again after 72 holes, and Snead won again, 70-71. Hogan's supporters maintain that these were not true tests because Hogan must prepare himself mentally for a match, and once the four rounds are finished he has trouble cranking himself up for an epilogue. Put a club in Snead's hands, and he could hit the ball perfectly in the middle of Times Square on New Year's Eve.

As recently as 1962, Snead wrote in a book, "All I know is that it's true that Hogan and [Byron] Nelson won plenty of tournaments which I didn't, but any time Hogan and I met in a head-to-head playoff, I won. We met three times over the years when we were rivals. The score reads: Snead 3, Hogan 0."

Be all that as it may, the Houston match had the feeling of a final showdown. It began on Monday morning under ugly skies. As the two golfers warmed up on the practice tee, they scarcely spoke. Each was caparooned in his sartorial trademark—Hogan in his white linen cap, Snead in his coconut straw hat. Hogan looked superbly fit, albeit a few pounds heavier than imagination and memory would have it. Snead, on the other hand, was beginning to overlap his trouser tops a bit.

When all the cameras were in position, Associate Producer and Commentator George Rogers gave a short speech through a portable electric megaphone to the several hundred club members who had showed up for the start of the match. He told them that a considerable amount of prestige and money was involved and please not to click their cameras while the players were hitting the ball. Then he introduced the contestants as if they were boxers: "Visiting from

White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.—Sam Snead. And Texas' own Ben Hogan."

Lee Sholem, the director of the show, explained some of the ground rules of TV golf. When he gave the signal for the action to begin, the player hitting first was to select his club from his bag, tee up and hit. One of the forecaddies in orange coveralls would run out on the fairway and mark the position where the ball had come to rest. Only then could the other player select his club from the bag and make his shot.

"Do we have to do that on every hole?" Hogan asked.

"Yes," said the director.

"Whew!" said Hogan.

"By the 18th, you'll get used to it," the director told him. Hogan looked unconvinced.

The sound man blew his whistle, and the director beckoned to Hogan to begin play. Ben drew his driver out of his bag, said "We're off and running," teed up the ball and sent a perfect shot whistling far down the fairway. The gallery applauded. Next, Snead hit a drive with a slight draw on it, and it rolled 10 yards past Hogan's ball to the left side of the fairway. The gallery applauded again.

Out on the fairway, everyone had to wait about 10 minutes while cameras were unloaded from golf carts and regrouped near the hole. Farther down the fairway at the back edge of the green were a couple of trees that must have come from Burnham Wood, for they had not been there moments earlier. Peering through the branches of these trees were additional cameras. When all was ready, Hogan hit a lovely six-iron some nine feet to the right of the pin. Sam's seven-iron was 20 feet to the left.

The gallery now walked to the green, waited another 10 minutes for the cameras and watched as both men got their pars. The traveling trees went careening down the 2nd

fairway like drunks on the town. As Hogan waited to drive off the 2nd tee, he looked at Snead's clubs and said, "Sam, I see you've got a new driver."

"Yeah," said Snead. "Since '57."

Hogan hit a virtually perfect drive "Too far to the right," he said with a look of distaste.

"Yeah," said Snead. "Two feet."

Snead punctuated this comment by hitting his drive 30 yards past Hogan's.

Hogan used a three-iron for his second shot, and all the way it looked as if it might hit the flagstick, but it rolled 20 feet past. Snead pulled a six-iron slightly, and it stopped on the frog hair to the left of the green, but he got his par as did Hogan. Rain had begun to fall, hesitantly at first, during the half an hour consumed at the 2nd hole, but it came down in earnest as the two men finished putting. Everyone stood around under umbrellas, and the setting reminded one of the cemetery scene in *Our Town*. At last there was a letup, although thunder and lightning rumbled and crackled overhead. Hogan sent a fine drive down the middle of the 3rd fairway, a 510-yard dogleg right. Snead followed with an enormous drive over the bunker that

continued

A MELLOW HOGAN FINDS IT ALL A LAUGHING MATTER



Tale of the Capricious Clock

by
Julian P. Van Winkle,
President
Sitzel-Weller
(Old Fitzgerald)
Distillery
Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



Alben Barkley used to tell about the clock his father borrowed from a neighbor.

"He kept Mr. Dunn's clock a week," Mr. Barkley related, "but could never tell the time of day or night."

"I should have told you about that clock before I let you have it," the neighbor explained. "When the hand points to eight and she strikes twice, that means it's half-past three!"

There's the same chance for mix-up when you buy your whiskey solely on its stated age.

The label may "point" to eight years, yet the whiskey itself may taste like "half-past-three," or even worse!

Depends on who made the whiskey and how.

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Our Old Fitzgerald is one such bourbon with the happy faculty of growing old with surprising grace.

It enters the onken aging cask with sufficient body to resist the woody flavor of the staves, and emerges after six years or more, clean as a pin—the most satisfying bourbon any man can pour.

To you who desire the ultimate in bourbon enjoyment, I am pleased to offer our very first bottling of Bonded ten year Very Old Fitzgerald.

From my lifetime experience I honestly believe this is the finest bourbon ever produced at our 112-year-old family distillery.

If you will write me personally, stating the retailer of your choice, I will save you a bottle, or happily even a case.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon
Always Bottled in Bond
Mellow 100 Proof

GOLF *continued*

guards the elbow of the fairway. By the time they reached their halls the rain was like water out of a fire hose, so everyone stampeded for the clubhouse. It was 10:30 in the morning, and only two holes had been completed.

Hogan and Snead waited in the golf shop for awhile, and someone reminded Sam that he was now facing the only three things he feared in life. "Remember, Sam?" the man asked. "Remember, you said one time that the only things you were scared of were lightning, a side-hill putt and Ben Hogan."

"Ah nev" said that," Snead drawled. "Mah old pal, Porky Oliver, made that up." Snead likes to think there is no man in golf who can take him when he is right. In his book, he had written, "After a quarter century of swinging, I'm not afraid to meet any man in the world in a head-to-head match, and that's because I've never let outside business turn me soft and paunchy. My measurements are almost the same as 20 years ago—185 pounds, a 33-inch waist and 43-inch chest."

The players moved inside the clubhouse for lunch, and afterward Snead took a nap in the steam room while Hogan sat with his wife, Valerie, and their friends. By 2:30 the rain began to ease off, and the producers decided to resume play.

When the golfers got back to the 3rd hole the gallery had grown to a thousand or so. Hogan's ball lay in the middle of the fairway, where he had left it four hours earlier. After such a long and frustrating delay, it hardly seemed likely that he could continue such precise golf as he had played in the morning, but once the cameras were turning again he struck a perfect three-wood to the green some 25 feet short of the pin. Snead, whose ball was 40 yards past Hogan's, hit a four-iron to the green, but he was 40 feet short. Both two-putted for birdie 4s, putting them one under par.

At the 4th hole, a moderate par 3, Hogan three-putted from 35 feet for a bogey 4, and now he was back even with par and a stroke behind Snead. He looked grim, a look that sent chills up the spines of his fellow golfers 10 or 15 years ago, and he got the stroke back with a birdie on 5. They halved the 6th hole in par, and at the 7th, Snead decided to gamble. This crescent-shaped par 4 is only 300 yards long, and the direct line from tee to green is over a

high stand of timber. Hogan hit an iron straight down the fairway, but Snead decided to try to hit his tee shot over the tall trees to the green. It was a mistake. His drive struck a tree and rebounded to within 150 yards of the tee. Now his only shot to the green was to thread the ball through the woods, and he tried it with a five-iron, heading the club to keep the ball low. Luck alone guided the ball safely through the thick foliage, and it stopped just off the green. From there, Snead was able to salvage his 4. As Hogan said later, Sam could have had a 10. Hogan's par was routine.

It was now close to 5 o'clock, and the light was getting too dim for color film, so the match was adjourned until Tuesday morning at 8. The players were all even so far at one under par, and each was in a comfortable frame of mind. Snead made light of his only two errors, then thought awhile and added, "Ben's playing very well."

Hogan said, "I'm hitting the ball as well as I know how." And he had the right word for his putting. He called it "a disgrace."

The next day was a beauty—not a cloud and an amiable breeze to take the sear out of the Texas sun. The players finished the first 9 in par, and by then Hogan told Sarazen, "Those putts scare me to death. If it keeps up, I'm going to have to quit playing golf."

Without a doubt, Hogan's putting was atrocious. His head was swaying forward as he stroked the ball, and he was sweeping at it with his arms like any Sunday hacker. When his Bulls-eye putter struck the ball there was a dull thunk as if the clubhead were made of wood. Even so, Ben was in a remarkably serene mood. He had adjusted his game to the slow tempo demanded by the cameras and seemed far less impatient than Snead.

The first really wild shot of the match came when Snead sliced his drive into an adjoining fairway on the 11th. He scrambled back for his par, and going down the 12th fairway he said to a friend, "This would be a very dull match if it weren't for me. Everything would just be straight down the middle."

At the 12th hole, a 570-yard par 5, Hogan hit a superb nine-iron approach from a downhill lie on the fairway to within 10 feet of the pin and sank the putt for a birdie 4. A great big smile lit up his face. Snead missed an eight-foot putt for his birdie, and Hogan took the lead for the first time. Ben missed an

continued



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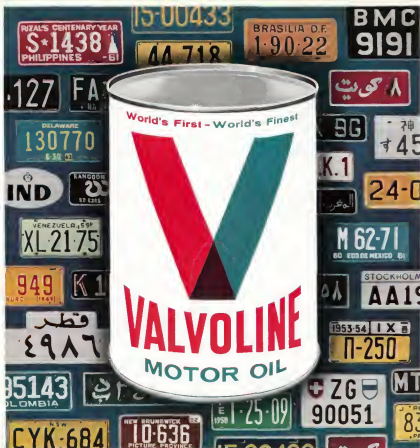
equally agile in traffic or turnpike driving. Its fresh, trim styling sets it apart from all other cars. Its luxury rewards the most fastidious taste. Its comfort and ease of handling are unsur-

passed. Is it any wonder that Cadillac is the choice of so many discerning people everywhere? And isn't one measure of a car the people who own it?



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eight-foot putt for a birdie at 13, but he picked up another stroke when Snead three-putted the 14th green. At the 15th, Ben sank another eight-footer for a birdie 3, building his lead to three strokes. Even so, the strain of the long day was getting to him. "I'll never do one of these again," he said to no one in particular as he waited at the 16th tee.

It was getting past noon, and the question came up as to whether they would break for lunch or finish the match and then eat. Director Sholem decided to continue. "We have never played a match on this show that went so smoothly," he said. "With golfers like this, there is no problem. They hit the ball so perfectly that we can get both their shots with one setup most of the time. Just think, not once have we had to go into the rough, and we have averaged better than two holes an hour. It's incredible."

The match was running out on Snead. They set off down the 17th with Hogan still holding a three-stroke lead and hitting every shot as if it were on a string from the tee to the hole. In the middle of the 17th fairway, Hogan made a joke with Director Sholem before hitting his second shot, and Fred Corcoran, watching from the sidelines, said, "School's out, Ben just laughed." Snead then hit a gorgeous nine-iron to the 17th green, and it floated down like a feather only six feet from the hole. He sank the putt for a birdie 4, leaving him only two down as the players headed for 18. The deficit was not insurmountable. Hogan, stopping to chat with a friend on the 17th green, said, "Want to trade a set of nerves? I'll trade anyone, sight unseen."

Snead had just about given up, though. Standing on the 18th tee, he glared sourly into the distance. Director Sholem inquired politely if anything out there on the fairway bothered him. "Only thing bothers me is catching that plane this afternoon so I can get a little farther up north," he said.

"What are you complaining about?" a man in the gallery called out. "We have to live down here."

That made Sam smile, and he began telling some of the people around the 18th tee about the charms of West Virginia. "There's a cool breeze comes up the valley," he said, "and them deer walk right past your house, and all you got to do is get you a little 22 and—phew—you got your dinner."

"I've been contributing to you," said

one of the gallery. "I just bought a set of your woods."

"Send them to me," Sam answered. "Mine ain't working so good. Now, if the good Lord would just give me a 2 on this hole, maybe everything would be all right."

It was Snead's turn to drive first, and he creased the middle of the fairway with a screamer. Then, as he sometimes does when things are not going well for him, he walked off the tee, climbed into a golf cart and started up the fairway before Hogan had hit his shot. It is a form of rudeness that fails to endear Snead to his competitors.

Hogan pursed his lips and hit a drive that was even beyond Snead's—and just as straight. He was showing he could drive the ball as far as Snead if he really cared to.

Snead had to get down in two from where his ball lay on the fairway if he had any hope of gaining a tie, and even then Hogan would have to three-putt. Sam hit a six-iron to the green, but he pushed it wide to the right, and he was 12 inches short with the 30-foot putt he needed for a birdie. In fact, he even missed the 12-inch in his haste and disgust. Hogan two-putted for his 69.

Afterward in the locker room, Snead told the handful of sportswriters who had followed the match, "The 72 wasn't so bad, but I didn't hit the ball well. My irons just weren't any good. I changed my irons and played with this new set I just got from the factory, and I only had a couple of practice rounds with them at Greenbrier before I came down here. But that's as well as I've ever seen Ben play—from tee to green."

Hogan echoed the thought a few minutes later. "That's as good as I can play," he said. "But it was just like going through the miseries of hell out there on the greens. I thought I had been putting pretty well for the last few months, and I thought maybe I might have that thing licked, but it was terrible. I was planning to play some of the tournaments this summer—I don't know which ones—but now I don't know. There's not much point to it if I can't putt."

Be that as it may, Ben Hogan had proven that he could beat Sam Snead head-to-head. Unfortunately, it was for nothing more valuable than the \$3,000 winner's share of a \$5,000 purse and the championship of some ephemeral TV hour next winter. Oh yes, for one other thing, too: for the pride of an always proud athlete.

END



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The Whiz Kids are still going strong

It is almost 15 years since Robin Roberts (top) and Curt Simmons did so much to win a pennant for the Phillies, but they are pitching superbly for different teams now

Dick Sisler, currently a coach for the Cincinnati Reds, was reminiscing last week about the Philadelphia Whiz Kids—a team he has every right to reminisce about. It was his home run against the Brooklyn Dodgers on the final day of the season that enabled those 1950 Phillies to win the National League pennant. "There probably were better teams in the league that year than we were," said Sisler, "but we certainly didn't believe that there were. We all had a feeling of helping one another, and I guess because of that feeling I've kept up pretty well with the guys on that team. Andy Seminick is now managing at Chattanooga, Puddin' Head Jones is an auto salesman in Cincy, Jim Konstanty owns a couple of sporting goods stores in upstate New York, Del Ennis has a big bowling alley in Philadelphia, Eddie Waitkus is a buyer for a department store in Boston and Richie Ashburn is an announcer for the Phillies. Everyone knows where Robbie and Curt are. Somehow they have stayed on top, and it looks like they may go on and on and on forever."

Robbie, of course, is 37-year-old Robin Evan Roberts of the Baltimore Orioles and of 1345 Robin Hood Road, Meadowbrook, Pa.; and Curt is 35-year-old Curtis Thomas Simmons of the St. Louis Cardinals, the man who lives right next door at 1333. Basically because of Roberts and Simmons, the Orioles and Cardinals are

continued



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BASEBALL continued

off to excellent starts in what now appear to be exciting pennant fights in both leagues. Roberts has started six games that the second-place Orioles have won, and he carries a brilliant earned run average of 1.92. Simmons has a record of 6-3 and an ERA of 2.38 in a National League scramble so hectic that seven of the league's 10 teams played .500 baseball or better during the month of May and one other was just a game under .500.

Once Robin Roberts delivered a classic speech on the thing that has hurt him most over 16 years as a big league pitcher. Addressing a group of high school students on behalf of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes, Roberts said, "In the long history of organized baseball I stand unparalleled for putting Christianity into practice. I am not prejudiced. I serve up home run balls to Negroes, Italians, Jews, Catholics alike. Race, creed, nationality make no difference to me." This year Roberts is being very un-Christian. Although he holds the major league record for giving up homers in a single season (46) and also set a record for the Orioles last year with 35, Roberts has given up only two this year in 75 innings, and his control is once again superb—he has allowed one walk every four innings.

Roberts stuck with his best

Perfect control and the ability to change speeds are what have made both Roberts and Simmons totally different and more interesting pitchers today than they were when they won 37 games for the Whiz Kids 14 years ago. For years Roberts stubbornly resisted throwing anything but his fast ball, on the theory that the fast ball had led him through half a dozen consecutive years in which he won at least 20 games and a dozen in which his total victories were 226. In 1961, however, Roberts had a record of 1-10, and the last-place Phillies cut him loose. The New York Yankees finally picked him up and took him to spring training in 1962, but after he worked 11 innings that spring Roberts was given his release. In a period of less than one month the worst team in the National League decided that it could not use him, the embryo New York Mets and Houston Colt .45s passed him over and the best team in the American League wasn't even willing to hide him in its bullpen. Roberts went back to Robin Hood Road and waited for someone in baseball to call

him. The only one who did was Curt Simmons. "I tried to keep his spirits up, that's all," says Simmons.

Finally, early in May, Roberts called Lee MacPhail, the general manager of the Orioles. MacPhail was away from his desk when the phone rang and today admits that he returned Roberts' call mostly out of courtesy. "I can't stress enough how determined Roberts sounded over that phone," MacPhail says. On May 11, during the afternoon before a night game, Roberts worked out secretly in Baltimore's Memorial Stadium. The Orioles kept it secret, because they did not want to upset the morale of Art Quirk, a young left-hander who was then stumbling around in the starting rotation. Roberts was impressive, and 40 days later Baltimore signed him and shuffled Quirk off to Rochester. Roberts won 10 games that year, lost nine and had a fine ERA of 2.78; last year he was 14-13.

Tough against the Phillies

Simmons himself had been released by the Phils in May of 1960 but, as he says, "I felt confident even then about my arm and thought that I could win. A few days after the Phils released me Solly Hemus, who was managing the Cards, called me. He asked me about my arm, and I told him that it was fine. He asked if I would be willing to work out and show it off, and I said yes. Later he called me back and said it wasn't necessary, and I signed. I needed work and got some relief assignments. Then I started a game and looked O.K. for a while until I got knocked around. The next game I started was on a beautiful afternoon in Philadelphia, and I beat them 1-0." Since that first win over the Phils, Simmons has beaten them 12 times and lost only twice. With the Cards, through 1963, he is 41-33.

"There has been a lot of talk," says Simmons, "about the time that I got my foot caught in the power mower and that this is what caused me to go bad in Philadelphia. I don't believe that, and I think that too much was made of the whole incident. I was mowing a hill one day at home and pulled the mower back on my left foot. I lost about a half of an inch on my big toe, but it truly didn't bother me that much. When my arm got sore in 1954 and 1955—that is what bothered me. By 1959 I was in real trouble and had an operation on the elbow. Eddie Sawyer, the Philly manager, sent me down

continued



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LACROSSE / Frank Deford

Navy beat Army for another national title, but the real loser was the State of Maryland, which can no longer claim lacrosse as its own

Federal power takes over

When Navy beat Army for its fifth straight national lacrosse championship last Saturday the score was 9-4, the star was from Uniondale, N.Y., and the style was early Indian. Worst of all, the whole Free State of Maryland was faced with finally admitting that the game it has cherished as all its own for years is now being played tougher and better by a bunch of foreigners.

The Naval Academy is, of course, as geographically Maryland as Fort McHenry and *The Star-Spangled Banner*. Conceding, though, that Navy, like the national anthem, is federal in character, then Saturday was lacrosse's most national moment. All season long the two service academies have been much the best college teams in the country, and by the time they faced each other in front of a crowd of 7,200 at West Point's Michie Stadium both had come through their schedules undefeated, untied, unscarred and practically unscathed. In five years Navy had lost only two games, both to Army, with whom it had to share the national title in 1961. Yet only

a third of the players on the rosters of these two lacrosse titans last week were Marylanders. Instead, most of the representatives were from such mystic places as Mississippi, Nebraska, New Mexico and even Texas.

The service schools have accomplished their lacrosse coup of Maryland in two ways: they have found natural athletes who did not know a lacrosse stick from a howitzer and taught them the sport, and they have, in a sense, given the game back to the Indians. The Indians used to play lacrosse among whole tribes, scheduling "games" to keep their hand in when no excuse for a massacre was readily available. Sometimes it was difficult to tell where lacrosse left off and a massacre began. And this is the way the service schools now play the game. They run more and they brawl more as they play a most untraditional but effective brand of lacrosse.

Since lacrosse rules no longer permit the whole Algonquin nation on the field at the same time, the academies help themselves by substituting incessantly,

continued



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wearing their outmanned opposition to a frazzle. "The University of Maryland was the best team that we've played," said Navy's Win Peterson before the Army game. "I mean they fought the longest. Most teams we play just give out in the third quarter."

Much of Navy's muscle comes from the football team, which finishes spring practice early in April. Army gets little gridiron help, because the cooler New York weather results in spring football running until late April. Seven of the Navy lacrosse regulars are football players, including the whole fourth midfield, The Torpedoes, made up of Pat Donnelly, the first-string football fullback, Steve Szabo and John Mickelson.

Two other football players, Ends Jim Campbell and Neil Henderson, are also noteworthy Navy players, even though Henderson missed this whole season with a pulled hamstring. They are known on the team as "the bumper cars." "When I was at Maryland," Midfielder Brian Lantier, a transfer student, says, "it was stressed that we must stay on our feet at all times. The coaches figured if you went down, whatever the reason, the other team gained an advantage. At Navy it is a lot different. You see, if someone like one of the bumper cars is knocked down, usually two or three of the other team go down with him." Lantier hits the ground so much himself now that he wears basketball kneepads.

But lacrosse has never been simply a game of stamina and brawn. Handling a stick is a deft art, and the most memorable players are the tricky little attackmen who do the slickest dodging and the most scoring. Navy has this season's best in Jimmy Lewis, a 5-foot-9, 160-pound wisp who is so exciting to watch that he ended up mesmerizing even his own teammates in the Army game. They tended to stand around and watch him whenever he got the ball.

Lewis, only a sophomore, comes from Long Island, about the only area outside of Maryland where lacrosse is played among the high schools. The quality is good enough, too, so good that now even the Maryland colleges are recruiting there. Lewis is heralded as the best player ever born or brought up outside Maryland, the best sophomore of any nativity and potentially the best man ever to pick up a lacrosse stick.

Navy, which usually is a carefree squad, came into this game annoyed be-

cause Army upset it last year. To guard against overconfidence or underattention—June Week was coming up at the academies—Navy Coach Bill Bilderback packed his whole team up four days before the game and took it to the naval base at Bambridge, Md. Anybody wishing to see the team, or any other Navy secrets at Bambridge, had to sign in at the gate, carry a large "Visitor" sign in the car and faithfully promise to obey a prohibition against carrying "firearms, cameras or intoxicating beverages." The lacrosse part of the base was, however, more casual. Coach Bilderback was seen with a camera, and the players relaxed to the point where a few of them slept through part of one afternoon practice.

They were wide awake for Army, though, jumping ahead 2-0 in the first six minutes. By half time it was 4-2, but in the third quarter Tim Vogel, a Cadet whose home is Annapolis, passed to Captain Roy Buckner, who bounced in a long shot to make it 4-3. Navy had not scored for more than 15 minutes and it appeared that Army was gaining momentum.

The last Navy goal had been by Lewis, on an assist from Owen McFadden, another sophomore attackman. Now McFadden spotted Lewis again, this time coming in close around the right side of the goal. McFadden flicked the ball, and Lewis, in spite of being double-teamed, was able to get just enough stick on it to knock it into the nets. Two big Army defensemen, out of a combination of momentum and frustration, knocked Lewis to the ground and actually into the crease just after the ball bounced home for a 5-3 Navy lead. Seconds later the Navy sophomores switched: this time Lewis passed to McFadden, and he scored on a low, hard shot to make it 6-3. Meanwhile, Bumper Car Campbell was so thoroughly rocking Army's best scorer, Tom Sheckells, that the Cadet offense never could get going. Sheckells was kept from scoring or even getting an assist. In the fourth quarter Lewis settled the game by scoring again himself and then feeding Tommy Morris for still another goal.

It had been a bruising contest in the lacrosse style and manner that Army and Navy have used to become masters of the college game. And the Navy team proved, in the end, to be as breezy as its predecessors. It had warmed up for the game by having a rousing pillow fight Saturday morning. It was enough to make the Indians turn over in their mounds.

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BY HUSTON HORN



THEY CALL BOYS

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it is set before him, he toys with the eggs, nibbles at a doughnut and sips tentatively at sweet, blond coffee. Mostly Roger bites his nails and smokes a lot—the skin on his left index finger is on its way to becoming leather—and watches the racetrackers come

continued

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JOCKEYS continued

and go through the door of the Belmont Diner on New York City's Hempstead Turnpike. The diner is directly across the road from gate 6 of Belmont Park, where Roger works mornings as an exercise boy, and his particular preoccupation at the moment is that he wants to be a flat-race jockey. He has been up North for two months, and he hopes it will not take forever to get "that little break" he needs. In the meantime, it will help considerably if he does not put on weight, if his widowed mother in Miami does not worry and if his girl keeps up her letter-every-day routine.

Not that Roger is altogether brand-new to either going it alone or racing; he has been around a little already. His father, who died a year ago last month, helped get him started. Mr. Cox was a baker in Miami, and he delivered cakes and rolls to the restaurants at Hialeah and Gulfstream Park. He also asked questions and kept his ears open. One thing he heard paid off. Following it up, Roger dropped out of high school and took a job with a trainer who shipped him up to Delaware and had him taught to ride. After about a year of raking out stalls and cleaning tack and galloping horses, Roger went home and in the best tradition of riders everywhere blew \$500 in savings on three weeks of high living. That out of his system for the moment, he came to New York to look for work as an exercise boy at Belmont. The uniformed guard at the

trainers' gate scribbled him out a pass, and after calling at three barns—and being turned down—Roger got what he wanted in the fourth. He did not bother to ask about salary. "I'm happy now," he said. "I've got a future."

What Roger Cox might better have said is, "I *think* I've got a future." For the chance that he—or anyone else starting out—will make a lasting success of race riding is so slim it gives knowing insiders the shivers. "I'd rather risk the rent money on the longest shot in the eighth race than go through that again," says an oldtimer who tried and tried and never made it. What he is getting at is that, of the 1,200 active jockeys riding on this country's 101 Thoroughbred tracks, barely two dozen have any national reputation or make the substantial sums of money one hears about. If maybe a third more enjoy some sort of here-today success and prosperity, 95% of all riders find their money gone tomorrow when they retire. But a young man must necessarily overlook such down-in-the-mouth realities, otherwise he would never get anywhere. It is far more to his purpose to think about a Cincinnati Dead End Kid named Howard Grant, who made more than \$50,000 when he was 18, or Eddie Arcaro, who never went to high school but wound up winning \$30 million in purses.

Nor does it discourage a beginner to know that Bill Shoemaker earned \$300,000 last year from riding, easily making

continued



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The brilliant pennants waving behind Jockey Bill Hartack on our cover duplicate the hues of actual owners' silks. Among those that are the most readily identifiable: 1) George A. Pupe Jr., 2) Fred W. Hooper, 3) Edward P. Taylor, 4) Maine Chance Farm, 5) Greentree Stable, 6) William Hugges Perry, 7) Llangollen Farm, 8) Rex Ellsworth, 9) Alfred G. Vanderbilt, 10) Bohemia Stable.



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JOCKEYS *continued*

him the richest man on four legs. And Bill Hartack has said that he stops working for money at the middle of the year and just keeps going for the experience. And what about Kokomo's own Tod Sloan, who once threw a party for Lillian Russell that set him back \$25,000? There was a fun guy. George M. Cohan thought so much of him, in fact, he wrote a song called *Yankee Doodle Boy* about him. Nowadays, of course, Ed Sullivan will have you stand up and take a bow, provided you win the Kentucky Derby, the sacred cow of horse racing. Or, for real style, you can be like Hartack and refuse to show up; after all, he has won the Derby four times and some people have plans for Sunday night.

Which in no way, shape or form is supposed to mean the pleasures and treasures of race riding can be totted up in bank accounts and guest appearances. "I loved sports as a kid," says Eddie Arcaro, "but look at me. Who needed somebody my size on their football team? So I went to a place I was wanted." Says James L. Petty, a race rider who hails from Arkadelphia, Ark.: "I used to let it get me, but I'd be more than dumb to be put out now 'cause I'm little. Heck, my frame is my fortune."

A question better ignored by the beginner, perhaps, is how sturdy is that frame? Well, if you are a jockey, an insurance company would prefer that you did business with the agency down the street. The Jockeys' Guild, a benevolent organization for all professional flat riders, has paid out almost \$200,000 for medical care of crippled members, and, on the average, two riders are killed in racetrack accidents every year. A somewhat more fortunate guild member, Tony DeSpirito, was calculating his riding aches and pains the other day. He has lost his spleen, two ribs and a kidney, broken his back, broken his jaw and had his brain lacerated. "I'm lucky I can still ride," says Tony, who must be given to understating the case, "because it's the only thing I know how to do."

For whatever comfort it was, Eddie Arcaro liked to remind himself, "If you

want to make it real big in racing, you can't be afraid of dying." Says Jockey Ronnie Baldwin, the father of two sons: "I hold that if you're going to get hurt, you're going to get hurt. So there's no use worrying. I'm lucky to have a wife who never says, 'Be careful, do be careful,' as I'm going out the door to work. That can get you down and ruin your riding." The cautious approach is sometimes called the "married man's style" and can best be described as the diametric opposite of bachelor Bill Hartack's hell-for-leather technique. California Racing Secretary Jimmy Kilroe gives an example —of a sort. One day at Santa Anita a jockey named P. J. Bailey zipped in on the rail coming into the stretch in a race he had no chance of winning. His daring tactic merely moved his mount from seventh place to fifth. Later someone asked in bewilderment: "P. J., what in the world were you trying to do?" P. J. tipped back his racing helmet. "I dunno," he allowed. "I was just testing myself for nerve, I guess."

As defined in the dictionary—and in a recent edition, at that—to "jockey" means to execute by trickery and cheating, and it has not been too very long since mothers got their daughters in the house before dark if there was a race meeting in town. The wife of the great Ted Atkinson was the daughter of Ohio trotting-horse people, and it was just short of a scandal when she took up with that running-horse boy, never mind his good manners. And as anyone who was around will tell you, racing in the '20s and '30s, before the advent of film patrols and spying plainclothes Pinkerton detectives, was a thoroughly cutthroat affair. There was no hesitation at all about slashing another jockey in the face with a whip, or grabbing his saddlecloth, or driving him into—and, if possible, over—the rail.

The 1933 Kentucky Derby was won by Jockey Don Meade punching and kicking at the man beside him, and not a word was said by the stewards. (The same Don Meade, a kind of classic performer when it came to bending the rules to fit the situation, was later suspended from mixing for betting on the outcome of races he rode. The trouble was he was

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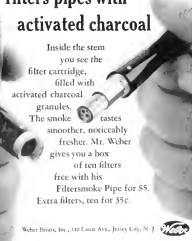


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JOCKEYS continued

betting on the other fellows' horses! Says Ex-Jockey Willie Krapp: "Many of the guys who rode with me wouldn't last two races before being set down for a year these days. In my day [1918] we got a boy in a pocket and left him there. None of this business about giving racing rooms."

Many of America's first jockeys were slaves, and the rise from that low estate has been slow. "Even as late as the 1880s," says Ted Atkinson, "the rider was just a sack of oats. His name wasn't even mentioned." Great gobbs of relative prestige have been captured by jockeys since then, and for some people the name of the jockey nowadays is important to the exclusion of all other factors. At California's old Tanforan track, for example, Bill Shoemaker was so hot a few years back that trainers would avoid entering their mounts in races they knew he was in. To put a stop to their cowardly—but sensible—attitude, the Tanforan stewards made jockeys' names top secret until a race had been filled. Conversely, Chris Rogers, now a jockey in Canada, was riding for Calumet Farm at Hialeah one day and had a mount named Top Gun that was about 110 to 60 to 1, the worst odds in years for a Calumet horse. Before the race, Trainer Jimmy Jones looked up at the tote board and back at Rogers and said: "This horse can't be that bad, Chris. It must be you that's 60 to 1."

Higher standards of public education and child labor laws have done much to raise the status of race riders; for modern jockeys, the *Baring Fium* is something to scan after you have digested *The Wall Street Journal*. Few jockeys are high school graduates even now, but the trend is more toward than away from the high mark set by Mitchell Shirota, who got a degree in political science before taking up the ponies. Naturally, owners and trainers view the trend with alarm because it is getting harder and harder to find the likes of Harry Robie, who was the nation's leading rider in 1931 when he was 13. Thirteen-year-olds are lightweight, first, and don't talk back, second. High school graduate Bill Hartack is only 113, but talks back all the time, and who needs it? One encouraging thing for the

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JOCKEYS continued

owners is the steady influx of underweight, underfed, undereducated boys from Latin America. But it is really not fair to suggest owners and trainers are cynical. Not very long ago one friend of racing nobly donated a part of his library to the Aqueduct jockeys' room so the boys would have something better to do than shoot pool, play ping-pong and watch *As the World Turns* all afternoon. The titles include *Liberalism and American Education in the Eighteenth Century* and *The Rotten Day Book for Boys and Girls* and *The Economic Almanac 1941-42*. That none of these books have been opened since the day they were put on the shelf just shows some jockeys care nothing for self-improvement anyway.

If the finished product of jockeys is nevertheless a general cultural upswing, the source of the jockey raw material has stayed pretty much the same since Abraham Lincoln shut off the earliest supply. By and large, all riders come from poor and lower-middle-class families, and a good proportion of them come from the West. Jimmy Prou, once a jockey and now a trainer (his Mr. Brick finished sixth in the Derby), is the son of a Texas refinery worker who had 16 children. Jimmy raced quarter horses from the time he was 8, and became a muddling Thoroughbred jockey until he grew too heavy. Jimmy's father made him finish the 10th grade, but Bobby Ussery, an Oklahoman who is now New York's leading rider, gave up in the seventh grade to become a stable-boy. But good riders are not necessarily made in their formative years. There are many like Atkinson and Hartack. Ted was bottling bleach for Brooklyn's Roselux Chemical Co. when an acquaintance convinced him that he should be a jockey and helped him enroll in a riding academy in The Bronx. Atkinson was 20 and already too old, they said, to make much of a career. Still, he won 3,795 races before he retired 25 years later. "I figured I'd been around the world twice on horseback by then," he said. "Besides, my back was killing me." Hartack, son of a Pennsylvania coal miner, had just graduated (in

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JOCKEYS *continued*

the top third of his high school class) when a friend took him to a track in West Virginia. He saw four spills, but somehow was not discouraged. Unpretentious beginnings have the virtue of making a jockey's success sweeter. John Sellers, another Oklahoman, slept in a tack room at Churchill Downs in Louisville when he started out as a stableboy. Nine years later he was in the Kentucky Derby winner's circle aboard the magnificent Carry Back. "You've come a little ways," Sellers mused to himself as he cast his eyes over toward that old green barn. But humble beginnings do not necessarily beget extravagant endings. "I made up my mind early I'd settle to be a big frog in a little pond," says Joe Servis, a former jockey who rode the small tracks and is now an executive of the Jockeys' Guild. And you have never heard a lot said, one way or another, about Merlin Volzke from Nebraska. The fact is, Volzke rode Extra Swell in this year's Derby and has been riding on the West Coast since 1942, when he gave up basketball as it began to outgrow him. So low-riding that he has never been set down for breaking the rules. Merlin likes to bowl and to invest in A.T.&T. Nothing fancy about William Dillard Lucas, either. Son of a fair-grounds jockey and saloonkeeper, Lucas is a Kentuckian who rides at small tracks in the Midwest and makes so much money he takes off three months in the winter to shoot squirrels. Ronnie Bald win rode in the Derby, too, this year, but has no illusions about riding on New York's premier circuit. "Who would use me?" he asks. "I get plenty of work in Kentucky and New Orleans, and I gross about \$40,000 a year. That's ample, I guess."

There is a normal progression in the life of a jockey. Shortcuts, such as might be provided by a jockey school, have never been satisfactorily developed in this country, and any jockey not an owner's son has been a stableboy in his day. Like Roger Cox, stableboys do the dirty work that goes on behind the scenes of glamorous racing, and if they do it willingly enough the trainer may soon let them commence to exercise the horses. If a boy is a good morning rider,

the trainer may then take a chance and put him in a race, but no one can tell in advance how it is going to work out. "I've seen exercise boys who were the greatest horsemen in the world—in the morning," says New York Trainer Sylvester Vitch. "I mean, a boy may be a world-beater. But in the afternoon it's the damndest thing. He's nothing. It's like taking an outfielder from the Minnesota Mudarks and putting him in Yankee Stadium. He couldn't catch a basketball." The money, of course, is made in the afternoon. An exercise boy, with room and board, need not be paid more than \$100 a month his first year on the job. A race rider, however, is paid for every mount (\$10 for losing in a cheap race, scaled up to \$50 for winning a big race). On top of that, a jockey gets 10% of the winner's purse. The owners call this a gratuity, since it is not required by racing rules. Jack Price, owner and trainer of Carry Back, who won him \$1.25 million, tried operating without this gratuity when he first got into racing. Price soon discovered he could not stay in racing without jockeys to ride his horses, so he got back into the swing of things. When such a gratuity amounts to \$19,000, as it did for William McKinley Cook last year after he and Hurry to Market won the Garden State Stakes, it is some tip. One other possible source of afternoon income is betting, which a jockey is allowed to do, with the proviso that—unlike Don Meade—he bets on his own horse and the bet is placed through the owner.

But even rich jockeys become defensive when it is suggested that race riding is all gravy. A jockey has high operating expenses, for one thing. Some estimates say he spends up to 45% of his gross in equipment, travel, on-the-road lodging, fees to his jockeys'-room valet and commissions to the agent who books his mounts. Says Bill Hartack, who grossed about \$25,000 in this year's Derby and Preakness alone, "A man who makes \$25,000 a year for 20 years saves three times as much as the jock who makes \$500,000 in five. But in racing you seldom ride for 20 years—you

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ance, he tends to begrudge it to those who do. It even splits up families. Glynn and Kenward Bernis are jockey brothers in Louisiana, with the difference that Glynn, an apprentice, leads his brother in winners this year about 3 to 2. Just recently they brawled with one another as they hurtled down the stretch. "Ken," said Glynn, "is mad as hell at me because I'm winning."

Until a few years ago, it was customary for an apprentice contract to be followed by a journeyman contract, in which a rider agreed to work for just one stable. Ted Atkinson rode for Greentree Stable and Eddie Arcaro rode for Calumet Farm. Such an arrangement was good and bad, jockeys say—good because it guaranteed them the best horses the stable might have, bad because they were also obliged to ride the stable's platers as well. Nowadays, however, nearly all jockeys are free-lance contractors, with a few working on a retainer basis. Manuel Ycaza is retained on a first-call arrangement with Harry Guggenheim's Cain Hoy Stable, *Inc.*, he is required to ride whenever Guggenheim asks; otherwise he is on his own. Braulio Baeza, until a few weeks ago, was on a first-call contract with Fred Hooper Jr., who brought Baeza up from Panama four years ago. The contract paid \$1,000 a month plus 10% of any purses Baeza won for Hooper. Then, just when Hooper wanted Baeza in Kentucky, Baeza wanted to ride in New York. The way this tension was resolved was for Baeza to give Hooper \$100,000 and for Hooper to give Baeza the contract.

As the free-lance rider has emerged, so, too, has the jockey's agent. Like theatrical agents, these men book their clients on mounts day to day. Unlike theatrical agents they can claim—and rightly, too—some of the credit for a jockey's success. A good rider with a bad agent could easily find himself on a string of losers; any popularity he might have had with trainers would be seriously affected, for trainers are wary of losing jockeys. A bad jockey hiring a good agent, on the other hand, might show immediate improvement. In any event, for every leading agent there is a leading rider, and vice versa.

continued

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JOCKEYS continued

The best agent is the best handicapper, the best man at doping out which horse is most likely to win which race. But agents must also be talent scouts and smooth, convincing salesmen. Chick Lang discovered Bill Hartack in West Virginia and was his agent for six stormy, profitable years. Harry Silbert spotted Bill Shoemaker in California one day, and Silbert's fortune was made. Assuming Silbert has received the 20% share of the purses that top riders pay their agents, Harry has grossed a tidy \$5,558,528 in the 12 years they have been together. "Oh, it's easy enough to book Shoe and Hartack now," says a friendly rival, "but it took a lot of selling in the beginning. I'll admit a jock is better than an empty saddle, but it's the agent that's got to go down to the barn and make it sound like the jock is something really important. Looked at that way, we don't get 20% of his winnings, we let the jock keep 80% of what's coming to us." This attitude is expressed more subtly in the day-to-day conversations of all agents. No agent ever says, "My boy win this or that." It is always, "I win the Derby," and "I win three yesterday," etc.

Ted Atkinson once attributed his success to "fast horses and a good agent," and it is a rare jockey who can book mounts for himself successfully. They are notoriously poor handicappers. "Once I tried to make a program for a friend who wanted my advice," says Chris Rogers, then riding at Hialeah. "When he got through following my selections, he had to borrow train fare back North." Other bettors are not so interested in the jockey's personal choices as in mystical information about him that will help them put down an intelligent \$2 wager. Said a lady horseplayer to John Sellers one day: "Mr. Sellers, would you please tell me the exact day, hour and minute you were foaled?" The give and take between jockeys and bettors (who pay the freight for everybody) sometimes gets more tense. About 10 years ago in Florida, a man telephoned Ted Atkinson and Conn McCreary with a straightforward proposition: they would tell him which horse would win certain races or he would kill them. He directed the

jockeys to signal the winner's number by wearing a Band-Aid on a certain finger while in the walking ring before the race.

McCreary and Atkinson went to the police, and the next day, with plainclothesmen everywhere, nothing happened. An officer asked McCreary if he had seen any suspicious characters in the crowd. "Frankly, chief," said McCreary, "they all looked suspicious to me."

The question of how much a jockey contributes to racing—and why one can win and another cannot—has been asked countless times but never satisfactorily answered. Owners and trainers disagree among themselves. Mrs. C. V. Whitney will say that "jockeys are conductors of a symphony in motion," while iconoclastic Jack Price would like to see jockeys eliminated. "I wish horses would chase a mechanical cart, or something," he says. "That would prove what horse was the best. As far as I'm concerned, when a horse wins a big race the jock should go back to the jocks' room while the horse has his picture taken with the owner, the trainer and the groom. What's the jock done anyhow? Sat on the animal's back for two minutes while it ran in a circle. And for that he gets 10% of my money!" While few get quite as steamed up as Price, many jockeys agree that their role is overrated by some people. Buddy Jacobson, the trainer who is leading in winners in the country this year, is not guilty of this. "The trouble is," he says, "we blame jockeys for losing a race, so we naturally—but incorrectly—give them credit for winning a race. Provided they are both in good physical shape, I think one jockey is as good as another. So I make a chart. I give points—20 points for winning on a 20-to-1 shot, three points for winning on a 3-to-1 favorite. Then I divide by the number of races. The jockeys work out about equal. What makes the difference is the horse. And the last thing I want to hear is a rider's opinion about a horse. They can't tell me anything, so I hide when I see one coming my way."

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JOCKEYS (continued)

ning purse, too, some take the position that trainers are responsible for wins and jockeys for losses. Clarence W. Smith, a Detroit owner, tells this story. "I was with another owner at the races last season and his trainer had bought him a horse for \$80,000. Well, this horse runs out—by about 22 lengths, I'd say—and the trainer bangs things around in the owner's box and hollers that the jock rode a stupid race. So they fire the jock. Well, that same horse ran five more times—all out of it—before the owner realized the trainer was just putting the blame on the jocks. In this case the jocks couldn't make something out of a horse that wasn't there."

An understanding attitude by an owner like Smith is rare, and jockeys ought to appreciate his kind. Smith's most famous horse was Hillsdale, and the jockey he chose to ride it was Tommy Barrow who was not, if you want the truth, the greatest jockey who ever saddled up. In fact, Barrow made some pretty awful tactical mistakes on Hillsdale, and there are those who say one of his errors was the only reason Hillsdale did not win Horse of the Year honors in 1959 and Sword Dancer did. In the Woodward Stakes, Barrow took Hillsdale off the rail in the final turn and let Arcaro and Sword Dancer squeak through to win. "Tommy couldn't explain it, and neither can I," says Smith calmly. "It was over, and what are you going to do? Tommy was good enough for me."

Jockeys may or may not help the way a horse works, but one thing that they most certainly do is work themselves. "Riding a mile is like running a mile," Howard Grant once said. "I get off and can't hardly breathe." That jockeys should have to go without food to be allowed to labor that hard is racing's final irony. There are some riders who never have the problem, but for most, Grant among them, losing weight is an almost constant battle. And it is seldom a simple matter of not eating pecan pie with whipped cream—a luxury John Sellers permitted himself just the other day. "Calories don't count," said Jockey Robert Parrott at Churchill Downs recently, "because you're already down to muscle and bone. The fight is to get rid

(continued)

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JOCKEYS continued

of the liquid in your body." And he took a slow pull on a bottle of Coke. He had not taken off the cap; he had merely run an ice pick through it so he could not drink it as fast as he would have liked.

The principal way that jockeys "make weight" is through long sieges in the steam room or hot room that every race-track makes available, and where jockeys sit hour after hour in the morning dealing waterproof playing cards or reading soggy papers. Some jockeys take pills to hold down their appetites—a leading jockey's recent divorce was attributed in part to the pills he took; they made him so irritable no one could stand to be with him. Jack Wallace, an Ohio jockey, chews cigars. "They ain't good," he says, "but then I ain't hungry after I've chewed one."

Clare Critchfield, now chief of stalls at Gulfstream Park, is probably the only jockey in history to come in overweight for his very first race. That was in 1930, and Critchfield had a weight problem every day thereafter for 20 years, eventually getting so proficient at losing weight by drinking a sweat-inducing blend of coffee and whiskey that he could tell within two ounces of where he stood. While an occasional jockey will seek a scientific solution—Jimmy DelVecchio spent \$3,500 being fitted to a no-salt diet at the Duke University Medical Center—others invent their own recipes. Conn McCreary used to drink a 25¢ box of Ex-Lax dissolved in coffee, and some jockeys force themselves to regurgitate a meal they have just finished.

The penalties for such mistreatment of the human body can be severe. One of the best-known symbols of American horse racing is the bent-double figure of Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, for half a century an eminently successful trainer. Sunny Jim used to be a jockey, too, and he had quite a bit of trouble making weight. The extreme measures he employed—including standing before the whac-hot heat of a brick kiln—left him, he says, with his twisted spine.

It can be a rich life, a full life and an exciting life, but nobody is ever going to contend that being a jockey is an easy life.

END

BASEBALL'S WEEK

AMERICAN LEAGUE As if following a Rubie Goldberg blueprint, BALTIMORE used scraps of good pitching, chunks of clutch hitting, a dab of luck and a dash of trickery to build the best record (5-2) of the week. Robin Roberts (see page 60) and Mike Pappas pitched shutouts, and Rookie Wally Bunker won his fifth game without a loss. The winning run in Bunker's 2-1 victory scored on what seemed to be bad base running by Dick Brown. In fact, Brown planned it that way. He took a wide turn around second base as he advanced on a single by Bob Johnson, so wide that the Tigers cut off the throw from the outfield. While they tried to catch Brown off base, Jerry Adair ran home with the winning run. That was one of three one-run triumphs for the second-place Orioles. LOS ANGELES (2-6) also had three one-run games, all losses. There was little for Manager Bill Rigney to smile about, for his team hit just one homer and his pitchers were floundering. Only rookie Second Baseman Bobby Knapp, who specializes in going deep behind the bag, proving in mid-air and then throwing, cheered Rigney. One of the few bright spots for KANSAS CITY (2-4), which had just two home runs instead of its average of six, was the fielding of its rookie second baseman, Dick Green. Green gave much of the credit to a glove given him by Shortstop Wayne Causey, adding that "the least I can do is buy Causey a steak." First Baseman Dick Stuart of MINNESOTA (4-3), whose fielding is strictly hamburger, atoned for one costly error with a flurry of six homers and 13 RBIs. Last year's batting champion, Carl Yastrzemski, hit into a double play for the 13th time (more than last year) and had a .243 BA for the year. Al Kaline of DETROIT (3-3), runner-up in hitting a year ago, slumped to .230. Superb relief pitching by Ed Rakow earned him and the Tigers two wins. WASHINGTON had a chance

to win six of its seven games, but despite the slugging of Jim King, who hit for the cycle in a 3-2 loss, and Chuck Hinton (4-2) the Senators got just three. For CHICAGO (1-4) it was a black week. As the team has bounced through New York after a second straight loss to the Yankees, Pitcher Dick Donovan tried to lighten the atmosphere. Eying the half-demolished Polo Grounds, Donovan said, "Boy, they must have had a helluva game there last night." For league-leading CHICAGO (4-2), happiness was a sudden dose of extra-base hits that included eight homers, three by Pete Ward. This offset some uncommonly bad fielding (10 errors). Poor fielding also hampered MINNESOTA (5-3), but tight pitching and Harmon Killebrew's clutch singles as well as home runs (three) enabled the Twins to win three one-run games. Good pitching by Steve Hamilton and Whitey Ford, plus three home runs by Clete Boyer, put NEW YORK (4-2) in third place.

NATIONAL LEAGUE Manager Gene March of PHILADELPHIA (2-3) looked at the scoreboard and saw two things: He saw that the score was tied. He also saw a face, the face of Pirate Relief Pitcher ElRoy Face. March did not accuse Face of stealing signs from the Pirates scoreboard, but he did play the game under protest, which is approximately the same thing. But speed on or not, the Phillies took the league lead, Art Mahaffey pitching a shutout and Cookie Rojas hitting .611. Joe Mauer picked up a pair of wins, one of them with relief help from Sandy Koufax, as LOS ANGELES won three of five games and moved up to seventh. Still inconsistent at the plate, the Dodgers scored two runs in 26 innings, then won 10-3. SAN FRANCISCO (2-4) was consistent, if not productive, scoring two runs in four straight games. The Giants won two of those games 2-1, but for the week they batted an

anemic .176. CHICAGO (4-4) Manager Bob Kennedy was mad at his pitchers, so mad that he said he might even start Rookie Sterling Slaughter. He should have gotten mad sooner, for Slaughter, with help from Lindy McDaniel, shut out the Braves on one hit. Billy Williams batted .400 to boost his average for the season over .400, but even he could not help the day the new YORK YANKEES (3-3) whipped the Cubs 9-1. That day Casey Stengel played his strategy to the hilt, inserting rookie John Stephenson in the outfield in the ninth for "defensive purposes." ST. LOUIS (2-4) got hitting from Dick Groat (385) and Curt Flood (440) and seven RBIs from Ken Boyer, but the rest of the club hit only .180. Houston made up for what it lacked in hitting by coming through with fine pitching from three of the league's winningest pitchers. Bob Bruce (6-1) shut out the Mets, and Dick Farrell (7-4) and Ken Johnson (5-4) each beat the Braves 4-2. In all, MILWAUKEE (4-4) lost three 4-2 games. Out in center field in Milwaukee there is an Indian in a teepee who does a spirited dance whenever a Brave homers. Last week he was underworked. There were just four home runs in five home games, three by Joe Torre. Manager Bobby Benign, though, felt like dancing when youngsters Denny Lemaster and Hank Fischer pitched shutouts. Joe Nuxhall of CINCINNATI (4-2) beat the Dodgers 4-0, the Reds' fourth win in a row. Then they stayed up all night playing a 47-inning 2-2 tie with the Dodgers, traveled to St. Louis and lost twice to the Cardinals. It looked as if the PITTSBURGH (4-3) pitching staff had finally settled down. Bob Veale shut out the Giants and Catcher Smokey Burgess said that Vern Law "is just as good as he ever was." Then Veale was hit hard by the Phillies, and the Dodgers slugged Law. And ElRoy Face was back in the bullpen instead of the scoreboard.



MIKE WHITE: HEARTWARMING COMEBACK

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

In 1958, when Mike White was 19, he played in an Amateur intrasquad game with the Cleveland Indians, his first game as a pro. Mike, a shortstop, was completing a double play when the runner slid into second and dropped him hard. As White lay in the dirt, his father Jo Jo, once an outfielder with Detroit but then a Cleveland scout, sprinted from the dugout to learn that his boy had suffered a complete unilateral dislocation of the left knee. The injury was so serious doctors doubted if he would ever walk again. But Mike did walk again, ran again and, eventually, play baseball again. This year, after five seasons in the minors, Mike White made the majors with Houston, and

soon he was in the starting lineup. After driving home six runs in a doubleheader, he was placed fourth in the Houston batting order, although at 5 feet 8 and 160 pounds he hardly looked like a cleanup hitter. But Mike kept hitting and last week, in his first game in Milwaukee, where his father is now coaching, Mike got four hits in a row to raise his batting average to .393. For the week he hit .391, accounted for eight of his team's 20 runs and played second base, third base, left field, center field and right field. His Houston teammates kid him now, saying that he can no longer ride home after the game in Nellie Fox's Chevy because "cleanup hitters ride in Cadillacs." Mike White just laughs. Can can walk. He is happy enough to be able to run around the bases again.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

WAY TO WIN

Sirs:

I have just finished reading William Leggett's article about Frank Howard (*The Dodgers' Troubled Giant*, May 25) and I must say that I was quite distressed.

What bothers me the most is the fact that Buzzie Bavasi will not let loose of one of his prized youngsters in a trade which might help the Dodgers. If I were Bavasi I would be quite willing to trade Podres, Werhas, another youngster and even cash to get a third baseman of Ron Santo's or Ed Matthews' caliber.

But, remember, dynasties don't fall easily. In the last two years the Dodgers have won more games than any other major league team. They tied once for first, and were world champs the next year. They drew more fans than any other team. The Dodgers usually find a way to win.

ERIC H. GOLD

Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs:

Troubled or not, Frank Howard is the flat-footed giant who must get those fleet Dodgers running to the plate instead of running in circles.

PETER SULLIVAN

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

In the Dodger Stadium right-field pavilion and lower boxes there are fans who always stand and applaud Frank when he hits one out or makes a fine play. Vin Scully describes right field as "Howardville." After Frank leaves the dugout and runs to his position in right, Scully will say, "And the fans in Howardville are giving Frank a standing ovation."

Frank finally doffed his cap to his fans and they cheered twice as loud. Frank is truly loved and admired by Angelinos. He is absolutely the most exciting, most colorful player in the game today, bar none!

HERMAN E. LOEFFLER

Orange, Calif.

ON THE ALKALINE SIDE

Sirs:

I'm sorry to disappoint you, but the fans in Detroit don't boo Al Kaline (*The Torments of Excellence*, May 11). Even though Al Kaline is batting only in the low .200s now, every time he comes to bat the fans yell their heads off.

The people in Detroit like Al and they appreciate him. He is one of the greatest now.

BOB DYAN

Southfield, Mich.

Sirs:

I think if you look around a little bit you can find plenty of Al Kaline fans.

I live in Flint, Mich., and all the children talk about Al Kaline. They would be very disappointed if he was traded off. He is the best outfielder in the American League.

T. J. PRAHE

Flint, Mich.

CROSS CURRENTS

Sirs:

I was amused by your article, *An East Row on the Road to Japan* (May 25), but thought your prediction of a Harvard victory in the Olympic trials a bit premature. True, Harvard has a fine crew and did a wonderful job at the Eastern Sprints, but they have yet to test themselves against some of the seasoned eights from the private clubs.

It is entirely possible that a hostload of veteran club oarsmen might get the best of Harvard at the trials. Here at the Vesper Boat Club in Philadelphia we are practicing hard with just that idea in mind.

JOHN J. QUINN JR.

Wynnewood, Pa.

Sirs:

You say that even with a strong head wind (15 knots) which tended to favor Cornell and Yale, Harvard won the heavyweight varsity sprint "with seemingly effortless precision." Lake Quinsigamond is such that the first three inside lanes are well sheltered from any wind while the three outside lanes get the full force of it. It should be noted that Cornell was in lane 4, as opposed to Harvard in 3. Harvard did not get the wind impact that Cornell did.

Also, before deciding that Harvard is "an inevitable choice to go to Tokyo," the author might keep in mind that Cornell had only two races before the Sprints and has not had much luck with Cayuga Lake. As one Harvard crewman said following the race, "I'm surprised Cornell did so well with so little training."

STEPHEN MICHAEL

Windsor, N.Y.

Sirs:

A loud cheer arose from the banks of the Housatonic upon receipt of your May 25 issue. We at Yale were pleased to see SPORTS ILLUSTRATED predicting that "Harvard will win the Olympic trials." An Ek victory is now virtually assured!

ANDREW J. COMPTON

JOSEPH R. DULWORTH JR.

WILLIAM S. LEAR

New Haven, Conn.

BEAR GUARD

Sirs:

Harvard may be the crew to watch as far as the Olympics are concerned, but there is another international threat that deserves attention: the Washington-Lee High School crew, of Arlington, Va., National Schoolboy Champions for the past eight years (1957-1964). They have been (to my knowledge) the only public school from this country ever to compete in the Henley Regatta. They have gone three times—an 1958, 1960 and 1962—and each time they have made a better showing. At this moment they are already trying to raise the money to make a fourth try at winning the Henley Regatta. (Previous trips to England were financed almost entirely by the community of Arlington County.)

GREG WYNN

Knoxville, Tenn.

SHORT CHANGE

Sirs:

As a baseball fan who thinks he knows what makes the game go, I consider the bumper for home runs pictured in Minnesota (*Home Run Heaven*, May 18) a real hurt to the sport. The encouragement of cheap home runs by the shortening of fences is a detriment to the game. I watched some games between the Yankees and Indians in Cleveland, and I found more excitement in a routine ground ball. It was downright pathetic to see some of those large size "home run" bloopers pop over the chicken wire to hit a spot 100 feet in front of the old fence.

Short fences have made the triple a real rarity. A triple gives the fan tremendous excitement—he sees the ball being run down by the outfielders, the runner straining around first, then the relay throw and the climax as the runner slides under the tag. That brings the fans to their feet. The short fences have destroyed much of the excitement and grace of outfield play. An outfielder can no longer get on his horse and really tear back for a long drive (as Mickey Vernon found out in Baltimore last spring). These cheap home runs are also a disservice to the art of pitching. What a letdown it must be for a pitcher to throw eight or nine scoreless innings and then lose on a bloop that wasn't even hit solidly!

I'm just 17, but I'll bet I care as much for the game as any owner or general manager, and, more important, I'm not blinded by the quest for money. So, for more excitement, a better game and more receipts, move back the fences. And not just five or 10 feet either.

JIM BARNES

Bronxville, N.Y.

continued

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19TH HOLE

HOT AND COLD Sirs,

Recently you stated that games this year in the National Hockey League were 93.3% sold out (Sports Illustrated, May 11). This only goes to show, once again, that professional ice hockey ranks higher in popularity than professional basketball.

For further proof, compare the home-town attendance figures for each sport for last year. In New York the Rangers, a non-playoff team, outdrew the Knicks, another nonplayoff team, by three to two. In Boston, the Bruins, a cellar team, outdrew the world champion Celtics by nearly three to two. In Chicago, the Black Hawks averaged more than 16,500 a game while the local basketball team was forced to move to Baltimore. Moreover, the Los Angeles Blades, a minor league hockey team, outdrew basketball's major league Los Angeles Lakers by a substantial margin. Hockey also outdrews professional basketball in such heavily populated cities as San Francisco, Detroit and Baltimore. It is obvious that hockey is on the rise while basketball is on the way down.

S. KAPLAN

Brooklyn

GUIDELINES Sirs,

Thanks for the story by Elfrington White on Rocky Weinstien (*A Place that Rocky Knows*, May 25). As the author said, Rocky is far more than just another fishing guide. Nevertheless his story still didn't quite do justice to Rocky.

While it is true that he has an extraordinary skill with his seven-foot fly rod, Rocky has another characteristic that is just as impressive to most of his friends, and most of his clients become his friends after one outing. That characteristic is his interest and patience in tutoring a novice, man or woman, if he believes the beginner really wants to learn.

There is one more thing. While rather implied that Rocky's neighbors in Everglades were unenthusiastic about the man and his reputation, I wonder.

Last fall they elected him to the Everglades City Council and now Rocky spends one night a week worrying with the other city fathers about the town's plight and trying to plan its future. Meanwhile, his wife spends that evening answering his telephone and doing his bookkeeping. Whether Rocky has her tying some of his flies yet, I don't know. But I do know that over the telephone she shows her pride in his newfound political status, a pride she shares with many of us, his fishing clients and his friends, who return each year to have the privilege of fishing with him.

LESTON FANEU

Naples, Fla.

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE

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Where Wrestling Is a Way of Life

by S. P. FAY JR.

Winners of the annual Kirkpinar, the World Series of Turkish oil wrestling, are all national heroes



Mustapha, "the Terrible Turk," was an impressive character to me when, as a schoolboy, I used to watch him wrestle on Tuesday nights at the Boston Arena. At the time I never questioned the sincerity of his strangleholds or the integrity of his celebrated "Turkish Belly Bounce," in which his victim, vigorously propelled by Mustapha's alternately contracting and expanding midriff, ricocheted off the ring ropes into the front-row seats. His shaved skull, creased neck and handlebar mustache remained for me symbols of undiluted ferocity until the cynicism acquired as a college sophomore taught me to question the authenticity of his craft.

It was therefore with a sense of an abused trust restored that I encountered "Mustapha" again this past summer in his native Turkey and discovered that his profession, in spite of its perverseness abroad, is a true and honorable one in his own country. In actuality I saw about 200 Mustaphas impressively gathered in the market town of Edirne for the annual Kirkpinar—the World Series of Turkish oil wrestling. The Kirkpinar is

on few tourist calendars, and it is not, strictly speaking, a sporting event. It is, in essence, an annual reenactment every June of a military training exercise which Sultan Murat the First began 600 years ago on his palace grounds in Edirne—the Kirkpinar—to keep his troops in fighting spirit on the eve of their expeditions into eastern Europe. The oil wrestling techniques, the ornately embossed leather breeches and the nonstop wild Turkish music have all been handed down, father to son, as part of a tradition that has remained unbroken through 33 sultanates and four republican presidencies.

The environment of the Kirkpinar certainly sets Mustapha off to advantage. He wrestles barefooted on an open field, cheered on by fellow villagers, his courage kept high by a gypsy pipe and drum corps. (This gang, with their frenetic clamor, must have set a nonstop record last year. The six of them—plus two reliefs—played continuously for the three days and two nights I camped on the wrestling grounds.) At times as many as 20 of Mustapha's colleagues were fight-

ing simultaneously. Thus, as a spectacle, the Kirkpinar is unique: a dozen pairs of Anatolian giants, their oaken torsos glistening with olive oil, are locked in seemingly mortal combat on a bare field under a scorching sun. One easily imagines primeval behemoths charging, engaging and retreating, their sectarian grunting and breathing audible from one end of the field to the other.

The rules of the contest are as primitive as the spectacle. A victor is he who drags his opponent three feet in any direction, or throws him to the ground so that "his belly sees the sun" (even if only for a second), or holds him aloft for a count of three. Some of the matches I saw were concluded in a matter of five minutes, but most lasted about an hour, and several were well over two hours in the running. The endurance required for these longer bouts staggers the imagination. I can only suggest as an equivalent conditioner rolling a greased beer barrel out of a mud flat for the better part of an August afternoon.

There are surprisingly few injuries, considering the violence of the individual

(continued)

MEET:



JOE DEVINE
in New London

Joe Devine easily qualifies as a true "Connecticut Yankee", for he has spent virtually all his life in Connecticut.

Born in Bristol, Joe's family moved to Norwich, where he attended local schools before enrolling at Fordham University. After receiving his B. S., he returned to Connecticut. Today, Joe is a full-time career representative with Connecticut General's New Haven Branch. He serves clients from his office at 309 State Street in New London. What's more, Joe Devine has already made himself known as one of the leading businessmen in the area — in just a few short years.

Men like Joe Devine are located in metropolitan areas throughout the country. They make CG service so much more valuable to families and businesses from coast to coast. For CG is people. Connecticut General... where people and ideas create security for millions.

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Way of Life continued

matches and the rough terrain. But blood is frequently drawn after a hard fall on stony ground. When this happens the injured wrestler stoically awaits an attendant whose sole function is to circulate about the field with a swab and a bucket of carbolic acid. The stinging swab is then applied to the wounded while his opponent patiently bides his time before resuming the attack.

Most falls are followed by a surprising flourish of sportsmanship. The winner, humbling himself, bows before the vanquished and kisses his outstretched hand. To a jaded modern this rite must appear

Boston Arena roughhouse into the ordered ritual of the *Kirkpinar*. For his boorishness he was banished from the wrestling fair for two years.

The prestige conferred by a victory in the *Kirkpinar* is enormous. The winner of the heavyweight division, the *Bash Pehlivan*, emerges with all the glory and perquisites of a World Series winning pitcher. The material rewards are slim by American standards—only the equivalent in Turkish liras of \$100 and a golden belt. But a *Bash Pehlivan* can expect to be treated as a conquering hero in every hamlet of a country where wrestling is the national sport. Mere entrance in the tournament is a status symbol. A



THE WRESTLERS BATHE IN OLIVE OIL TO KEEP THEIR LIMB AND TORSO MUSCLES PLIANT

as some sort of quaint anachronism, as appropriate to the Atomic Age as the code of chivalry. However, a small number of matches are concluded in a less Queensberrylike manner. Since one fall alone automatically eliminates a competitor from the entire tournament, the disappointed loser may violently challenge the outcome. This usually involves a fierce denunciation of the *hakem* (referee), plus an impassioned appeal to the judges. In its extreme form it may mean Mustapha's reverting to his old "Terrible Turk" manners, that is, a direct physical assault on the ref. Last year I watched four tough Turkish gendarmes, backed up by bayonet-wielding Anatolian troops, visibly struggle to subdue Mehmet Ordu, a finalist who chose to inject a dash of

measure of this is the legend spelled out in lanterns hung between the lofty minarets of Edirne's principal mosque. It reads, "Kirkpinar, Harvest of Heroes."

The *Kirkpinar* begins on Friday, the Moslem holy day. So, naturally enough, the wrestlers and their followers attend the noon service in the massive Selimiyeh Mosque, which, with its four minarets, dominates the Thracian plain for miles in every direction. Despite the ample dimensions of its cavernous interior, the mosque seemed to be packed well before the praying began. And the intricately woven prayer rugs must have received a more vigorous workout than usual with the addition of 200 heavily molded wrestlers crashing onto them in the ordered cadences of Moslem prayer.

From past experience in many Turkish mosques I knew that the Imam's Friday sermon was frequently a topical one. Although Turkey's constitution emphatically excludes a state-sponsored religion, this Friday sermon is often laced with current events. In the past I have heard denunciations of both Nasser and Communism from the pulpit. Thus, I expected some sort of timely address—at least an allusion to the Kirkpınar—and some sort of exhortation to the wrestlers. In fact, I suppose I was cynically waiting for the Imam to emulate a Notre Dame chaplain's pregame delivery and tell his boys to "get out there and wrestle for Allah." If so, I was mistaken. His oratory eluded strictly to doctrinal themes, and my interpreter was mildly scandalized when I expressed disappointment.

Because the Kirkpınar is the biggest annual event in the province, it draws peasants from all over Thrace. And, just as any Iowa farm boy might become a bit blasé on the second day of a corn-husking bee, his Turkish counterpart is similarly sated after a couple of days of nonstop oil wrestling. So, like any midwestern state fair, there is a midway to help separate rustics from their loose change. All the rides, concessions and coin games, as you might suspect, have an Oriental flavor of their own. Most of the aerial rides are primitively strung together with wooden beams and greased ropes; the tent shows run to gypsy snake charmers and belly dancers; and the game-booth prizes are usually children's drums or ceremonial circumcision caps. I even learned the Turkish equivalent of "Hey, Rubel," that American carry man's expression which means, "Help me throw this jerk out of my booth before he ruins my game!" A hurly farmer was sledgehammering the daylight out of the strength-testing machine to the tune of about 10 drums. The game operator had clearly had enough of this "Haydi, Osman!" brought three hefty Anatolian bruisers on the run who swiftly wrestled the sledge out of the peasant's fist and sent him packing. He took it in surprisingly good nature.

To learn a Turkish peasant gawking at a tent show of belly dancers on Saturday night is to grasp all at once the essence of Middle Eastern mores, the nature of Anatolian village life and the whole Mid-Eastern concept of women. The girls are young, hefty, according to the Asiatic ideal, and imported from Class C cabarets in Istanbul. But compared to what goes on in any Chicago strip joint,

continued



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Way of Life *continued*

their performance is strictly prudish. What's left after the "seven veils" are peeled off is what any girl watcher has come to expect as his due on any American beach in August. The Turkish farmer, however, reacts to the whole show as if he had just come into a legacy of harem *houris*. So there is a good reason for the heavy iron grille (resembling nothing less than a section of a hoist cage) that separates the front-row benches from the sagging platform that is the stage. A Westerner gradually catches on to the startling but obvious fact that a village Turk never sees a woman even partially undressed, outside of his own family, until the day he marries.

Patience and corpulence

Two other things struck me that Saturday night in that sweltering tent. The first was the extraordinary patience of a really tough-looking audience in waiting for the show to begin. No girls appeared until at least half the seats were filled, and that took 40 minutes from the time the tent opened for business. In my day, in Boston's Scollay Square, even the most repressed hank clerk would have stormed the Old Howard's orchestra pit before submitting to such box-office high-handedness. And, for me, the second revelation was the Turkish male's worship of sheer feminine corpulence. The dancers who received the most applause were not the most beautiful, the most undulating or the most curvaceous. They were simply and undeniably the fattest.

The Kirkpinar—unlike most sporting events—is a three-day affair. Thus, I cannot deny that by the end of the third afternoon I had about had my fill of wrestling and of oil-smeared Turkish giants. But as I watched the final *pehlivanc*—that incredible balletlike fighting march that precedes each match—I was forced to ask myself where else in the world do men assert their masculinity with such fierce pride and ordered dignity as in the ancient rite of combat that is Turkey's Kirkpinar. In the final contest for the Bash Pehlivan championship there was ample glory for Sezai Kanmaz, who won the golden belt, but there was no less honor for the loser, Shaban Filiz. Only such men as these, locked for two hours in a seeming death struggle, could lift a jaded tourist to the point of feeling that he had just witnessed a noble encounter between Titans and Olympians.

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